ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,
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Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

TO MISS E. G. L. OF J*********, N. JERSEY.

Not long since an animated correspondent of the author, but who seems suddenly and unaccountably to have suspended her Epistolary Intercourse.

Say, Libby? why this silence? I've watch'd from day to day
The Post-boy's morning visits to our neighbors o'er the way,
In hopes that he would sometimes stop and knock—or ring the bell,
With something from my absent Coz—to let me know she's well.

But regardless he has pass'd me by, and once methought he smil'd
As he saw me from the window gaze—like some mischievous child,
And then I turn'd away, and—laugh'd—to think, alas, how she,
The *liveliest little Coz* I have—could thus behave to me.

I thought of our last Summer's jaunt, of Pittsburgh, Erie, and
Our midnight embarkature in the Steamboat "Samarcand,"
Of the Lake by moonlight, Buffalo, the many fancy calls
We made to purchase trifles, ere we left it for the Falls.

And then, of our arrival—at this "Wonder of the World,"
Its "Tower" "Goat Island" "Table Rock"—the flood above us hurl'd—
With our passage o'er the Ferry, beneath a show'r of spray,
As our dresses wet, around our forms, like memory's cov'ring lay.

Of Lewis Town, the River; Brock's Monument, Oswego,
Our bondage in the canal boat—(too bad for any negro,)
Of Syracuse and Albany, the Mountain House where I
Lost me a "Phillipena," ere the sun had deck'd the sky.

Our early start and slow descent, of the rugged Mountain's side,
With the wit, and mirth, and laughter, which gave relish to the ride;
And then at length, our entrance in the village—or the town
Of Catskill, where we waited, until the boat came down.

Our launching in the splendid barque, upon old Hudson's breast,
Who reposed amid his mountains, like a giant in his rest—
West Point—where both our *Patriot* hearts with varied feelings burn'd,
As we bless'd our country's destiny—and the hapless Andre's mourn'd.

Then New York city, where amid a thronging, bustling host
Of hackmen, porters, and what not, our trunks were nearly lost;
And when the heat and dust we thought, would finish our career,
(When thou hadst ne'er seen J*** Town, nor I been scribbling here.)

Then our rambles thro' the city, at morning, noon and night,
The churches, halls and novelties, which burst upon our sight,
Its "Castle Garden Battery," with its broad and mirror'd bay,
Which made us think of Heav'n, so bright, so beautiful it lay.

Methought of coming summer months, when we again might take
Our farewell for the lovely North nor stop short of "*Slave Lake*;"
While if good fortune favor'd us, and put us in the track,
We might go on still further, like the gallant *Ross* and *Back*.

I thought of many other things, but vain it were to tell,
As thy mind, alas! no longer seems upon them o'er to dwell;
And yet methinks that mem'ry might, at times recall such hours,
As they're like the Desert Oasis bedeck'd with gayest flow'rs.

Perhaps some dearer objects claim thy all absorbing care,
And naught on earth beside can now thy thoughts or feelings share.
Some weddings—where thou'lt be a guest—some greenwood *romps* or *balls*,
Some visits to thy *distant friends*—with other social calls.

Some rides upon thy "*Gallant Grey*," or "*Red Roan*"—I forget,
(Perhaps t'is black or white or brown?—say, have I hit it yet?)
With a dashing train of belles or beaus, J. S. R. and Sh—s,
Like Queen Bess going to Kenilworth—or "Band of Forty Thieves."

Perhaps a wolf-hunt—fox, or deer; this winter has been giv'n,
To test the speed of horses or—the village to enliven
If so—do tell me of the chase—if not—be silent still,
(I might as well request it, as I'm pretty sure thou will.)

But fare—farewell to thee and thine,—and where so ere you be,
May you be bless'd with earthly joys in all their purity,
May all your skies be cloudless, and your paths be strewn with flow'rs,
And gayety and gladness bedeck the passing hours.

Philadelphia, 1839. "Old Virginny."

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

Related to the Author by one of the Penobscot Tribe in the year 1826.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, ESQ.

Concluded.

I shall not follow him through the numerous hair-breadth escapes and other difficulties which he encountered. It must suffice that he did not succeed in his dangerous mission, and returned to destroy the hopes which the child's family had naturally entertained on his departure. Once returned, the first object of this disinterested being was to cultivate the society of young Henry, in order to divert his attention as much as possible from the loss of Lucy. But here he undertook what he was not able to perform; the boy's attachment to his eldest brother had become so strong, that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to remain at home without him for an hour at a time.

Month after month wore away, till a year and nearly another had gone, still no tidings of the lost one; hope was almost exhausted, when another shadow was thrown over the little peaceful community of Fryburg.

Albert and Henry had strayed one day to a cornfield nearly a mile from the village. It was at the season when the corn was green, and Henry reminded Albert of a promise he had made to make him a corn-stock fiddle, an instrument on which some of our New England boys produce notes that would almost rival those of Paganini's time-worn violin. Albert, ever ready to oblige Henry, selected two joints of the proper size of the green and highly-polished stalks, and, with a knife much too large for the purpose, split the delicate strings along the fibrous surface. Then having put a bridge under them at each end, he brought a smile of joy to the lips of his young brother by the agreeable tones which he produced. Albert's eyes were radiant with joy to see this change in the sad face of Henry; but the smile of the latter soon gave way to an unusually deep look of sadness, as he said, "Lucy can't hear it; I will keep it till she comes home, can't I?" Albert, touched by this new proof of affection, could not answer, but turned from his brother, and, in his efforts to conceal his feelings, he drew the bow of his newly-constructed instrument with so much force as to sever the strings, and a curse of fearful meaning burst from his lips upon the brutal savage who had destroyed the happiness of that innocent boy; at that moment a piercing shriek from his brother attracted his attention in time to see him pointing at some distant object as he fell to the earth.

Albert turned in the direction indicated by his brother's hand, and beheld a savage coming with the speed of the wind, his tomahawk uplifted about to hurry it in his own brain; he grasped his knife instinctively, and, holding it parallel with his arm, when the Indian was near enough he sprang forward, and, quickly turning it upward, as if to ward off the blow, presented the sharp edge of the knife, which, coming in contact with the wrist of the Indian, severed the tendons, released the tomahawk, which was afterward found several yards from the spot, the blade-edge buried three inches deep in the trunk of a tree; the savage grasped with his left hand at his own knife, but, before he had time to draw it from his belt, another thrust from his antagonist had pierced his heart, and he dropped with a hideous yell at Albert's feet; who, having conquered his foe, turned to look for Henry. The brave boy, stupid with surprise, gazed on the spot where he had seen him fall; had the earth opened and received him? had the savages stolen him? or had he escaped? were questions which rapidly succeeded one another in the mind of Albert. He searched in vain—no sign of living thing was there—save a slight rustling amid the corn. With the knife still red from the blood of the Indian in his hand, he advanced cautiously to the place, and found that it was occasioned by a cow, which unmindful of the struggle that had just taken place, was feasting upon the young and tender ears.

With a hope that Henry had escaped, after casting a glance at the relaxed features of his fallen foe, he hurried toward his home, musing upon this sudden attack upon his life; what could be the reason that his family should be singled out for destruction by those sanguinary savages? Albert knew of none, yet he was firm in his belief that the abduction of his sister, as well as the late attempt on himself, was in retaliation for some injury inflicted by some one of his ancestors, or of his present family, for he well knew that the savage never forgot any act of cruelty or kindness shown to any of their kindred, and that these acts were handed down from generation to generation with their traditions, till opportunity offered to return the like; could he ascertain the offence, he then might be more certain of the fate of Lucy. Many were the conjectures he formed concerning her, and as many were cast to the winds as idle and speculative. In this state of mind he reached the house, anxious, yet fearing to ask if Henry had returned; his doubts were soon set at rest on that point by the mother's asking why he came home alone! and his was the dreadful necessity of informing her that only one son remained to comfort her now.

The alarm spread rapidly, for no one doubted, from the daring of the deed, that others of the savages were in the neighborhood, and in less than two hours nearly all the villagers who were capable of bearing arms assembled on the green, were divided into squads, and went in search of the Indians. At dusk they returned, having discovered trails in various directions, which indicated the number of the foe to be greater than was at first suspected.

That night sentinels were posted at convenient distances, and a portion of the armed villagers encamped on the green to be in readiness, if their services were required during that night.

But the morning came without an attack, and scouts were sent out to reconnoitre. News was brought about noon that the Indians, in great numbers, were encamped about two leagues from Fryburg; and, from a prisoner who had escaped, they learned that the savages intended to set fire to the village that night.

When this intelligence was spread abroad, there was a certainty for all to look to; and, therefore, measures were adopted for a vigorous resistance. Before, it was hoped that they were not numerous enough to attempt the destruction of the place.—The drum beat to call the people together, not one-half of whom were furnished with proper arms. Scythes, axes, pitchforks, and every thing that could be used on the occasion, were brought by the brave fellows; even the plough was broken, and the shares usurped the place of swords, to be wielded by the strong arm.

Among the last, though not the least, of those that came to Fryburg Corner, was the village parson. He was dressed in a suit of cloth, which, in the days of his youth, had undoubtedly been black, but now it had grown grey in the old man's service. Around his waist was buckled a belt of raw hide, to which was attached a huge rusty sword, the bright edge of which showed evidently that it had already been at war with the grindstone. He was above the middle height, his figure well made, and as straight as an arrow. He was beloved by his flock, and, when he came to the place where the ill-disciplined soldiers were assembled, every hat was raised, a path cleared, and the old man requested to address the people from the top of a hogshead, put there for the purpose.

His address, which abounded in good sense, was followed by a short prayer, wherein he prayed most strenuously for the safety of the two children whose loss the brave people were going to avenge. The old parson was a picture which all present seemed to contemplate with interest not unmixed with reverence. His long silver hair was lightly tossed by the summer-breeze around his thin, pale features, while, with his mild blue eyes upraised to heaven, he prayed that those who were to go forth to battle might go with God in their hearts, and prayer on their lips. There was a fervor and enthusiasm in his words and manner which passed for inspiration among the people; and, when he said, at the conclusion of his prayer, with an energy that came from the very depths of his soul, "where there is right, thou hast said there shall be might—thou thou hast truly said we shall conquer"—the little band arose from their knees with a firm belief that what they had heard were the words of truth; and, at the command of Lovell, who had been for many years their General, they divided themselves into parties, each of which chose a leader. The young men separated from the aged, and, without a moment's hesitation, simultaneously elected Albert to lead them wheresoever he would. He would have declined the honor on account of his extreme youth, for most of his division were older than himself; but the general cry of "none but Albert," compelled him to take the command, which he did with becoming pride and diffidence. The father then stepped forward, and thanked them for the honor they had conferred on him through his son. His few words were, "that he looked upon him as the only child now left to him. May God guide and protect him! may he never shrink from the duty you have chosen him to!" Here he was interrupted by Foolish Joe, as he was most commonly called, who advanced from behind a group, where he had observed the whole proceedings, and, stripping up his tow-cloth trousers, pointed to a large defect in the calf of his leg, and exclaimed—"He shrink! Why, with that same knife that slew the Indian, he killed the she-bear while her teeth were in this leg! He shrink: no! Who killed the wolf in her own hole!—Albert! and Albert never shrunk from bear, panther, or wolf!" His comrades already knew what poor Joe had told them, and it was that which in all probability decided them so unanimously in their election of Albert. Lovell now proceeded to give instructions, after which the little army were dismissed till the beat of the drum.

From the green the soldiers diverged to their own homes to assist the women, who were seen flying to the church, filled with consternation and terror, where it was deemed prudent that they should remain with their most valuable property, to be guarded by the men during the night. They presented a sad picture: their despondent faces were more gloomy than the starless night, that soon closed around. In the evening the soldier-parson, in his military array, read a chapter from the Bible by the light of a burning pitch pine-knot; and, after exhorting them to bear up under their trials, he offered up a prayer for their temporal and spiritual welfare. Next followed a heart-rending scene of husbands embracing their wives, and children their parents, each fearing that they might never meet again. After this painful scene was over, the doors and windows of the church were barricaded, and, the sentinels being posted for the night, most of the little army laid down upon the grass, close to the church, with their arms in their hands.

While the soldiers slept, the two Captains were to be seen a little apart from their men in earnest conversation, the younger asking and receiving instruction from the older for the anticipated attack. Captain Lovell was well acquainted with the Indian mode of warfare; and, after developing his plans, he impressed upon Albert the necessity of the greatest caution in dealing with the enemy, who were as cunning as they were courageous.

The ardent youth longed for the hour when he could rush upon the savage horde, and he begged Lovell to permit him to lead his followers in search of them; but the Captain, stopping short, and grasping Albert firmly by the arm, replied, "young man, you know not what you ask! Should you venture into yonder grove before the daylight dawns, not one of you would escape. I have fought the Mohawks, and lived with the Narraghansetts—they are all treacherous. I tell you, Albert, be not rash: the Indians are two to one of us: they would lure you on till on a sudden they would rise from the bushes on every side, and every soul of you would be butchered."

"I fear I shall not be able to restrain my comrades," said Albert. "Had you been among them after the church was closed, it would have made your eyes glisten to have heard the earnestness with which they talked of and wished for action—they cannot bear restraint——"

Before Albert had finished the last sentence, Lovell was lying with his ear close to the ground, where he remained for a few minutes, when he suddenly started to his feet, and grasped his rifle. Albert saw in this sudden evolution—acquainted as he was with such movements—enough to convince him that little time was to be lost, and, had not the Captain held him by force, he would have rushed to his brave boys to have made them ready.

"Keep cool—keep cool!" repeated Lovell; "we shall have notice from the outposts when they are near at hand. I know they come, but I have placed trusty fellows at those points at which I rightly supposed they would attack us. Now I entreat you not to let one under your command move till the guns of the sentinels are heard. Yet, I would have them all awake and ready, and, when the signal is given, rise and meet the foe; therefore, go carefully to each man, and impress upon him the necessity of a strict observance of the order. I need not tell you that every gun that is not already loaded, must be, and such as were loaded over night should be reprimed." This our young soldier had previously impressed upon his followers.

Captain Lovell then took the hand of Albert, and, pressing it affectionately, said, "you are chosen by nearly half of my little forces to be their leader. I trust you will prove yourself worthy of your father, by whose side I fought the Nianticks. He was as brave as a lion, and the idol of his company." Here Lovell again applied his ear to the ground, and informed Albert that the foes were numerous, and not more than a half-mile distant. Then, taking from his undressed leather belt one of his rusty pistols, he presented it to the young man, saying, "this was your grandfather's. In his last moments, after he had been struck with the tomahawk of one of this same accursed tribe, he gave it to me. I know of no one into whose hands I can better place it than yours. Go, Albert: bear in mind by whose hand that grandfather died. Remember your brother and sister! and, should I perish, I trust you will not forget me!"

Albert stood for a moment struggling with emotion, then, placing the trusty pistol in his belt, he pressed the hand of his commander, and hastened to prepare his young volunteers for the momentarily-expected attack. A deep silence succeeded the interview of the two officers, which was only broken by the click of the pans as the soldiers shut them on the fresh priming.

The winds were hushed, and the vast forests of majestic pines stood in awful silence, as if breathlessly expecting a fearful conflict. Presently a sound as if the breeze was slightly stirring the distant foliage was heard approaching nearer and nearer, till those who were not aware from what it proceeded looked up, expecting to see the nearest tree-tops waving to and fro; but the flash and reports at the outposts told that it was the savage horde that came almost with the speed of the wind upon the encampment, expecting to surprise the whites—uttering the war-whoop and the most fiendish yells. But the whites, instead of being found sleeping and in confusion, were fully prepared for the encounter, and repulsed them with steady valor. It was about two o'clock when the attack commenced; the clouds that had spread such universal gloom over the camp in the early part of the night had now separated, allowing the light of the stars to fall on the scene of carnage.—Although the light was so far unfavorable to the whites as to show them more plainly, yet it discovered the painted savages who before would have been invisible.

For a long time it seemed doubtful which could conquer. Albert and his enthusiastic followers fought like tigers; they rushed impetuously on the foe, strewing the ground with the dead wherever they went. The brave boy, elated with the success of his little band, and seeing the chief of the Indians, sprang forward with his comrades at his heels, and, with about a dozen others, was surrounded. They soon discovered their predicament. Aware that no quarter would be given, were they disposed to ask it, they plied their weapons with almost supernatural strength; but they must inevitably have been overpowered by the superior numbers of the savages had not some of the strongest of the villagers come to the rescue, wielding their heavy ploughshares with both hands, and felling three or four of the enemy at a time. The savages, seeing the power of the assailants, began to give way, till at length the whole body retreated into the deep shadow of the lofty wood, where they had great advantage over the whites, whose pale faces showed them to the unerring aim of the Indian rifle or their gleaming tomahawks.

It was not the policy of the veteran Lovell to follow the retreating foe; but the sanguine spirits of Albert's band led the way, and there was no alternative but for the more prudent to assist them or see them perish. The first was of course adopted, but the villagers soon found that they were fighting at great disadvantage, and were firing at random. The two captains meeting, they were about to propose withdrawing their suffering army, when Foolish Joe came with the fleetness of a deer, bearing a lighted pitch-pine torch, which he applied to the dry underbrush. The blaze spread like wild-fire, the flames shot up the tall pines, bathing the forest and the foe, the mountain and the sky, in one lurid glare.

Our brave fellows were once more inspired with hope, and, from some one of Albert's followers crying aloud the names Henry and Lucy so enthusiastically, they were at once adopted as an universal watchword—a wild spirit of revenge awakened the latent energies of the assailants; the consequence of which was that the Indians were driven across a deep stream, where they could only maintain the fight with fire-arms and stones. By this time day began to dawn, and many of the muskets and rifles had become so foul as to be rendered useless. Among those of the whites who retired from the scene of action, a little down the brook, to cleanse their fire-arms, was Albert. In descending the bank to the edge of the stream, he was accosted by the chief of the savages, who in the coolest manner possible, said to him, "you get your gun washed first, you shoot me—me get mine washed first, I shoot you." Here, indeed, was a case of life and death, and for life did they work—the hour for one or both had come: the rifles were washed, loaded, and aimed, simultaneously. But by the dispensation of Providence Albert was destined to be the victor. The ball from his rifle struck the guard of the chief's, mangled the hand, and, entering his brain, he fell a lifeless corpse on the sand.

Albert again joined his men. The news of the death of the Penobscot leader, while it put new hopes into the hearts of the whites, filled the savages with doubt; yet they fought bravely, and the action might still have continued some hours, had not an honest and grateful friend of Albert's taken an axe from one of his dead comrades, and felled a couple of trees across the stream some way above where the conflict was in its full fury, by which means he enabled a division, headed by the zealous parson, to cross the rivulet, and attack the Indians in the rear, most of them were slain; a few who took to flight were pursued, and one who stopped to kill a prisoner, who lay bound about a mile from the brook, was cut down by the huge sword of the parson, before he could accomplish his purpose.

The good old man cut the thongs with which the prisoner was bound, and took him to Albert, and, presenting his young prize with one hand, and his sword with the other, he said, "Victory is ours, and I resign my commission." The young captain, unheeding the priest's sword, caught the dear boy in his arms, pressed him to his heart, while the tears of joy and gratitude rolled down his cheeks, as he turned his full blue eye to heaven to give thanks for the mercy of God in restoring to him his half-famished brother. Some of the young men bore Henry in their arms, while the rest of the living gathered up the dead, and returned triumphant to the church.

Shall I follow them?—no, I will not; and yet I have a lingering curiosity to look on the scene of wretchedness which must follow even the most triumphant victory. The criminal upon the gallows, at the moment he is about to be dropped into eternity, becomes an object of more interest than at any other period during his whole life-time.—Thousands of every age and description—both male and female—gather around his elevated situation, eyeing him with breathless interest. 'Tis our nature to seek the most appalling sights of woe; any thing for excitement. Of this we have sufficient proof in the numbers which had collected to witness the meeting between the living wife and dead husband, and the wounded son and the shrieking mother. The very heart's-blood of many of the spectators seemed to flow with that of the bleeding soldier and the tears of his friends, yet they would still look till nature gave way to unsatiated curiosity, and some fainted and fell upon the floor with their eyes still bent toward the horrifying sight. It is said there is no shade without light; and the joy that beamed in the hearts of those, and the friends of those, that returned in safety, presented a brilliant contrast to the unarmed and mourning beneath the roof of the village church. Yet that contrast was to be enhanced, and a mother's breast to heave, with emotions too strong to be controlled; even now her eyes were strained to see some one afar off. How eagerly she watches! She stands amid an hundred, yet is not one of them. Her senses, mind, feeling, life—all, all, save her earthly frame, are centered in that form borne in the arms of him who approaches the church-door; she tries in vain to move forward; at length the lost Lucy is clasped in the arms of her mother, who sinks in the agony of joy upon the floor. Albert, Henry, and Eastman, are all here, with many others whose sympathies are intensely interested in this ray of sunlight among the clouds of sorrow.

But who is he that stands there apparently unconscious of all around? 'Tis Foolish Joe, he who had restored the child to the once afflicted family. He heeds not the delight he has imparted—he heeds not the groans of the dying—his expression is vacant. The last night's exertions, mental and bodily, together with the emotions occasioned by this last act of humanity, had been too powerful for his weak intellect, and the star of reason, that had only dawned in the meridian of his life, was extinguished for ever.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

'Tis the evening hour, and the sun hath given
To earth one tinge of his native heaven;
And all seems harmony and love,
On the sea below and the sky above.

One stately vessel in pride is seen,
Breasting the ocean's wavelets green;
The seamen spread each fluttering sail,
To catch the breath of the evening gale;
But slowly she moves from the glittering strand,
As if loath to leave so fair a land.

Heard ye that shriek from the sea-girt shore—
Or the answering peal that its echoes bore?
A sound of mirth o'er the whispering waves,
That murmuring died in the rocky caves—
It pass'd from the lip with a joyous swell,
But jarr'd on the heart like a funeral knell;
And many a tale of the heart is there,
Of love undying, of hope and despair.

Mark ye that pale and lovely cheek,
That tearful eye, whose aspect meek
Is fix'd with a lingering look on the scene
Where the flowery path of her youth has been?
Her head is leant on the noble form
For whose sake she had vow'd to brave the storm;
He has sworn to cherish her too, and well
Do the doating looks, of his fondness tell
How dearly he holds the sacred vow,
How deep is his love, and his faith how true!

But who is he that with haughty brow,
And lip of scorn hath turn'd him to view
The crowds that circle the fading shore,
The land of his home and heart no more?
Say, what hath caused that deep unrest
On so fair a brow—in so young a breast?
Hath the sting of crime, that brings despair
On its barbed point, e'er enter'd there?
Oh, no! That fearless look may tell
No stain of crime with him can dwell.
The tyrant sought, with oppression strong,
To bind him down; but he rose from the wrong,
And because his soul might not brook command,
He is seeking a home in a freer land.

And there is the youth whose heart beats high
With the visions that gild futurity;
And the aged man, who hath seen each ray
Of hope, save the hope of death, decay;
And the eye which beameth with love is there,
And the frowning brow of dark despair;
Yet each as he turneth his eye to the shore,
And thinks of the scenes that must know him no more;
Feeleth a loneliness o'er him creep,
In leaving the land where his fathers sleep.

Oh! many a straining eye will watch
That vessel fade on her path, to catch
One last, long look, till the tear drops start
To ease the load of a bursting heart—
Then turn away with thoughts of pain,
On those whom they ne'er may meet again;
And many a sigh and many a prayer,
Will be breath'd to heaven, for the exiles there;
And that God, who biddeth the storm depart,
Will hear the prayers of a fervent heart.

Tales Illustrating the Passions.

BY THE AUTHOR OF RICHELIEU, DARNLEY, &c.

Remorse.

Winter is upon my brow, and in my heart—the dark, the sombre, the hopeless winter of age; with no bright spring to gladden the straining eye of expectation, no warmer season, no flowery hours, beyond!

Winter is upon my brow, and in my heart—the stern, cold, sorrowful winter of age: but not the winter as it comes to some, after a long and sunshiny life of joy treading upon joy, and of one pleasant cup drained after another till the sated and the weary spirit sees the hour of rest approaching with the calm glad hope of peaceful slumber, destined to end in another day as bright, as full of glory and enjoyment!

Time, that has blanched the hair and dimmed the eye; Time, that has bent the powerful frame and relaxed the vigorous sinew; Time, that obliterates so many things from the tablets of memory—is it Time that has blotted out the joys, the hopes, the feelings, that were once bright and clear in this stony heart? is it Time that has rendered the past a fearful chaos of dark remembrances: the future, a vision of terrible apprehensions?

Alas, no! Time has broken down the strength of limb, blanched the jetty locks that curled around my brow in youth, dimmed the bright eye that gazed unshielded on the sun, made the hand tremble and the head to bow. All the slow ruin that he works on man, Time has wrought on me; but he has refused me all those blessings which soften and alleviate the destructive power of his calm deliberate hand. He has taken away no dark memory of the past, he has assuaged no pang, he has relieved me of no burden, he has removed no regret, he has given no hope, he has withheld even the consolation of decay, he has denied me death itself.—Lingering onward, beyond the allotted space of man, I seem still approaching to an end that is not reached; and, as if the agonies of the heart had hardened into marble the external frame, the ruin of those fleshly limbs marches with the same slow progress which marks the decay of the dark and gloomy arches amidst which I dwell.

I can remember yonder wide and spreading elm, which shadows the fountain before the door of the abbey, a sapling tree, scarce higher than my staff. I can remember yon iron chain, now worn and corroded with the rust, which attaches the cup to the stonework round the spring, new and polished from the hands of the workman. But Time, which has spread out the tree in its majesty, has left me withering even more slowly than it has sprung up; and, though the corroding rust upon my heart has entered more deeply into my soul than that upon the chain has gnawed into its links, I fear—alas! I fear—that long after the iron has snapped asunder, and the cup has fallen to the ground, the weary chain of hours will still exist for me, and this worthless frame will still be linked to the earth it hates.

Listen, and you shall hear; for the tale may be instructive to others! Nor is it painful to myself to tell: for every act—for every thought, of that dark, melancholy history, is as clearly before my eyes, at each moment of existence, as it was in the time of its performance. The past—to me, the dreadful past!—is one eternal present; and the Promethean vulture of remorse preys on me now, and for ever.

I remember myself once a sunny child; and the gay, light-hearted maidens of my mother playing with the glossy locks of my dark brown hair, and vowing that I was the prettiest boy that ever had been seen; crying, "Well a-day! what a pity he is not the eldest son!"

I remember myself in those spring moments of early life, sitting by my sweet mother's knee, and gazing up into her soft hazel eyes, and reading there a whole volume of deep maternal love. I remember, too, having seen those eyes turned from me to my elder brother, and to have marked a sigh break even from amidst the smiles that, in those days, hung upon her lips.

I remember myself, in that age of eagerness and superabundant life, running by the side of my father's battle-horse, when he rode forth to join the armies of the emperor, about to carry warfare into France; and I remember very well his bending down and blessing me, for a bold, brave boy.

I remember myself, in those hours of emulation, when the active spirit within troubles for objects beyond that which the feebleness of the young body can attain—I remember myself striving with my brother, some three years older than myself, in all his sports and pastimes; and proudly feeling, that I was not so far behind him as the difference of our years might justify. Yet was the rivalry without jealousy. I loved him well; for my heart was framed to love things around it—to love too well, too deeply, too wildly, all and every thing with which it could make companionship; all and every thing which it could enjoy and esteem. The singing of the summer birds, in those young days, had a charm of a peculiar kind for me: it was not alone that it pleased my ear; but the deep melody of nature's voice found its way in thrilling accents to my heart, and won my love for those that poured it forth. I felt mournful when the yearly time of song was over; and I should no sooner have thought of sending a bolt from my cross-bow at one of the sweet choristers of spring, than I should of turning my tiny dagger against my own young breast. The flowers, too,—I loved the flowers: I watched them evening, I watched them in their bloom; I would stoop down and gaze into their bosoms of purple and gold, as if I could read there the bright secret of their mysterious life, and trace the fanciful link of association between their being and my own. When they withered, and when they died, too—especially if the blight fell upon some favorite, which I had long nourished and daily gazed upon—I could have wept: I should have wept, perhaps, if shame had not closed the fountain of my tears.

Wo be to those that blast such feelings! and a curse upon that fate which destroys them! For, just as they are intense and fine, so are they frail and destructible; just as they are bright and deeply rooted, so do they leave behind a darkness, and a chasm. What can I feel now! what can I love now! what have I felt and loved for more than sixty years!——

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I was speaking of my brother. I loved him well—oh, how well!—for there were moments when he was kindly toward me; and when flashes of affection broke forth toward his little Karl, which woke up all the warm feelings of my heart. It is true, that even from a boy he was of a wayward and a gibing nature; fond to mock and to irritate; careless of inflicting wounds, or causing pain; haughty and proud, but brave and generous; and often, when he had struck a blow which could never be forgiven, the better spirit would rise up, and he would strive to wash it out by a torrent of noble actions. I loved him well; and I can see him now, with his rougher features, and his broader form, standing on my father's other hand, whilst I played with the dagger in his belt—the dagger, covering its sharp and deadly blade in the soft, comely sheath of velvet and of gold. I have thought, full often, that that dagger, with its splendid mountings, was but too like myself—bright, beautiful, and innocent, till moved by some strong, commanding power; and then, what a deadly instrument in the hand of Fate! I remember him well, standing, as I have said, by my father's side, and pleading for some permission, or some indulgence, to be granted to his younger brother; and I have seen and known, while he so pleaded, that he sought to make compensation for some pain which he had inflicted—for some harsh jest, or unkind action. But I must not pause longer on individual remembrances, nor call up detached pictures from the past; but rather proceed with my tale, as a connected history, showing the dark current of events in one continuous stream.

We grew up thus from infancy to boyhood, instructed under able masters, in all that befitted our age to learn. In the ordinary studies of the day, I believe I was more quick than he was; at least, I made greater progress; but in those things he strove not to rival me; and, perhaps, it was want of emulation on his part which gave me any degree of advantage. He contemned that learning in which the brain alone is occupied; he looked upon it as the portion of the monk, the schoolmen, or the lawyer—beings for whom he entertained a sovereign contempt; and he left it to me, as one destined, by that fate which had made me a younger brother, to take the gown at a future period, and to inherit the rich benefices which our family could command. In these things, then, he strove not with me; the subtleties of scholastic logic, he called, most truly, a perversion of human reason. The beauties of ancient literature, the immortal poesy of Greece and Rome, he felt not, he loved not, he sought not to comprehend. For the art of the statesman, he had, indeed, some reverence; and, in some degree, loved those clear and definite sciences which exercise the mind, while they leave imaginations to sleep undisturbed.

The imagination was my portion, and whatever was tinged with it had beauty in my eyes. The lore of ancient Greece and Rome, the tale of minstrel or troubadour, the wild lay of the peasants in our native woods, the strange legends and superstitions of river, and forest, and stream,—all had their charms for me. Eloquence, too, divine eloquence! that gift which comes nearer than aught else on earth to inspiration—oh, how my very spirit bent and trembled to its power! how I have been rapt and carried away by the orations of the mighty dead! how often, in pouring over the page breathing with the eternal fire of their magic words, have I not forgotten my age, my country, my habits, and felt all the feelings, thought all the thoughts, and been shaken with all the passions, that shook the auditory in the Forum or the Areopagus!

But these were not all our studies. The sons of a proud and warlike race, of a high noble, in a land where hostilities existed as often between the princes of the confederation as between that confederation and its external enemies, it was my father's will that we should be taught all that we could learn of military exercises, all that could be taught, in short, in that age, of the science of war. Nor was it to my brother alone that he afforded such instruction; to me, also—to me, though destined to the church, he gave an education the most fitted to make such a profession unpalatable to me. It is true, indeed, that the clergy, especially of our land, were often called upon to draw the sword, and defend with the strong hand those rights which neither eloquence nor justice could always protect. But still, a natural distaste to the destiny which others had allotted to me, was sadly increased by the instructions which my father gave in all those sports and exercises so pleasant, so refreshing to the elastic limb of youth and health. To wield the sword; to charge the lance; to curb the strength—the wild and fiery strength—of the unbroken war-horse; to pitch the heavy bar; to hurl the massy disc; to leap, to wrestle, and to swim—relieved the heaviness of other studies, and gave to my young frame that power and activity which fitted it for the camp far more than for the cloister.

It was here, too, that came my real competition with my brother. Often he would seem to lie by in idleness, till he was startled from his slothful mood by my near approach in those very exercises on which he prided himself; and then he would take a sudden start forward in the race, leave me far behind, and scoff at me with triumphant scorn for my disappointed hopes and baffled efforts. It became painful to me—it became terrible! The eager rivalry, the frequent expectation and disappointment, would have been enough, without the jest, and the gibe, and the mockery; but when these were superadded, it would drive me for a time into fits of passion, which only added to the scorn with which he treated me. Thus passed the hours till I had reached my fourteenth year: thus grew up feelings, in our mutual hearts, which, had fate placed the barrier between us that at one time seemed inevitable, might but have been remembered in after years as the offspring of childish quarrels and idle jealousy. As it was, they were destined to go on like some mountain stream, which, gay and brawling in the summer sunshine, frets and foams in sparkling activity against every obstacle that it meets, but does harm to nothing; till, when the rain falls on the summits above, it is joined on its course by a thousand accessory streams, grows dark and furious, powerful and overwhelming, and rushes down, a torrent over the land below, sweeping away peace, and happiness, and prosperity, in its angry course.

At the ages of fifteen and of eighteen, the fate of my brother and myself was to be determined, as far as the choice of our future paths through life was destined to affect it.—Choice, did I say? there was no choice; it was determined by others. At the age of eighteen, he duly prepared to accompany his father to the tented field, to know all the keen and exciting pleasures that suited his age, his character, and his hopes; while I, then but fifteen, was destined to be sent from my paternal roof, to pursue in the cloisters of Oberzell, those studies which were requisite for holding a high station in the church. While he was to go forth, mingling among the bright and the gay, and the happy, contending for glory in the fields of fame—fields, whose very air is joy and satisfaction—I was destined to bury my bright youth in the dull shadows of a convent, never quitted, but at brief intervals, till I was shackled with irrevocable vows, bound to a profession for which I was unfitted, cut off from the scenes and the pursuits that I loved, chained like a slave in a heavy car, which I was to ply through life with equal unwillingness and pain.

While yet between me and the consummation of my fate lay a glad space of intervening hours, I was able, with the blessed power of youthful imagination, to cast away from me the thought of my coming doom, and to enjoy the present, with but few thoughts of the painful future. But, during the six months previous to my retirement to Oberzell, I was like the navigator mentioned in some wild legend I have read, who, sailing on a calm and summer sea, found suddenly the wind drop away, but his vessel drawn by some unknown power toward an immense black rock seen faintly rising above the fair edge of the distant waters.—At first it seemed all fair to him (so ran the tale,) and he looked about, and smiled upon the soft motion with which his bark bore him across that peaceful sea. Then came curiosity as to what was that mighty mass, that every day grew larger and larger to his approaching eyes; then came awe and apprehension, as its frowning features became more distinct, and he found that by no art could he turn the vessel from its onward course; then came the agony of terror and despair, as nearer and more near, swifter and more swift, he was hurried forward to the black and gloomy crags, against the base of which he saw the waves that bore him rushing with unceasing violence; and then, raising his hands to heaven, he called for aid in the hour of agony, but called in vain.

Such was the passing of those six months to me. At first, I would not think of the fate that had been announced to me; I hoped that something might turn it aside; I fancied that something might delay it, or render it more bearable. But as time went on, and day by day brought it nearer, fancy refused to aid me—hope deserted me; every hour, every moment, added to the pangs which I felt. I brooded over my condition; I pictured to myself all that was gloomy, all that was sad, in the state to which I was doomed; I contrasted my own lot with my brother's; and imagination, while it shadowed over the prospect for me with clouds and darkness interminable, showed me his future life, all smiles and sunshine, all brightness, activity, and joy.—Still the hours hurried me rapidly on: I saw the preparations for my departure made; I saw the dark robes—sombre images of the gaiture of my future years—prepared with busy hands; I saw my mother weep as she gazed upon them; and, looking forth from the window of my chamber, I beheld, in the court-yard, the proud and prancing chargers which were to bear my brother to the field; his gay pages in glittering array, and his bright and costly panoply made ready, with all that could give splendor and brilliancy to his outset in the bright career that lay before his steps.—Oh, how my heart burned, as I compared the two with each other! Oh, how I pondered, in dark despair, over the bitter portion that was assigned to me! I had never yet thought of avoiding it; I had known too well all those harsh arrangements, which admit no modification, in the families of the high nobility of our native land.

But the mind of man is full of strange contradictions; and despair itself will generate the wildest hopes. It was in the moment of the darkest and most gloomy conviction of being destined to a life of misery, that first rose the expectation of being able to change my fate—of being able to move my father, by prayers and entreaties, to suffer me to choose a profession better suited to my nature, and to serve in the field, even under that brother whose chance of primogeniture kept me from fortune and the light. It was during the night that such thoughts came across me, as, lying on my restless bed, I pondered over all the dark and frowning features of the future; and with the first dawn of the morning I was up, and watching for my father's coming forth, to prefer my suit with all the energy and wildness of despair.

It was not long ere I had the opportunity I sought for. I represented to him all my horror of the profession to which he destined me; I showed him it was contrary to my habits, to my wishes, to my feelings, to my nature, to my character. He heard me calmly; and, casting myself on my knees before him, I besought him to give me any other fate but that: to let me serve in the army, under himself and under my brother; to let me win distinction, and found for myself a new race, as many a younger son had done. I asked no share of the wealth or the lands which were destined for the elder child; I asked but a battle-horse and a good sword, and my father's name to befriend me; and, as he laid his hand upon my head, and suffered his fingers to play, with a smile, among the bright curls of my hair, I fondly fancied that he felt my petition to be reasonable, and was about to grant it.

He spoke, and all my hopes vanished into air. His son, he said, must never act the part of a poor adventurer: he approved not, either, of younger brothers rivalling their elders in the profession of arms. Such things often ended ill, he said.—Neither could he consent to all the rich benefices in our family, which would make me wealthy and powerful, being cast away, and lost to his house for ever. As to my dislike to the profession of the church, that was but a boyish whim, he told me; all professions had their conveniences and inconveniences, and, of all that he knew, the church had the greatest pleasures and the fewest discomforts. He ended, by bidding me make up my mind to depart immediately, as my very opposition to his wishes showed the necessity of my conduct being determined at once.

In four-and-twenty hours I was on the road to Wurtzburg, with a deep and settled melancholy crushing down every youthful feeling, darkening all hopes, embittering all enjoyments. The beautiful scenes through which we passed might as well have been a desert; the magnificent aspect of the city itself, with its amphitheatre of vine-covered hills, took not the slightest particle from the horror with which I beheld it. Plunged into the old convent of Oberzell, I pursued my studies under the direction of some of the monks; and one of them especially, the prior of the place, took every means to soothe my wounded spirit and disappointed feelings, to gain my confidence, and to soften my lot. I was suffered to retain, while under the preliminary instruction of the brothers, all the attendants and equipage to which my rank and prospects entitled me. My exercises and amusements were not forgotten; and I might have been even more happy than I was before—for my rivalry with my brother no longer irritated and disturbed me—had it not been that the aspect of the cloister, and the presence of the monks, constantly kept before my eyes the prospect of that fate which seemed to me a darker interment than even that of the grave itself.

Though I resisted not my father's will,—though the pride of my nature would not descend to any farther entreaty or petition; yet, I concealed not my feelings, and expressed the melancholy and the gloom that I experienced, in my letters both to my father and to my mother. To my brother I never wrote—I know not well why. It might be a presentiment, but I cannot tell.

About this time, the Bishop of Wurtzburg invited me from the convent to spend a time with him in his splendid palace; and, while I remained there, he displayed before my eyes all the luxury, the amusement, the enjoyment, which can be combined with high station in the church. I believe it was done at the suggestion of my father, in order to reconcile me to my profession, and to show me that it was not so dull and lifeless as I imagined. But the effect was quite the reverse from that which he, probably, expected to be produced: my gloom grew darker; my melancholy acquired only the greater intensity from the scenes of gayety and splendor which were displayed before my eyes. I felt, indeed, that the profession of the church, especially in our religion, was as night, contrasted with the daylike activity for which man was born: that it was night—all night; and, though the bright moon might shine upon it, and give even intense light and shade, it still remained the dark part of existence. I felt that, though some might find a pleasure in the brighter spots on which the moonlight fell, the shadow and the obscurity were all for me. I felt, that the splendor, and the pageant, and the pomp, the luxurious feasting, the sly jest, the flowing wine-cup, were all stains upon a profession which must draw its brightness from a higher source. I felt, that he who therein would find enjoyment must derive it from the mind—from powerful enthusiasm, from aspirations above the world, from hopes and prospects beyond this mortal life. I felt—I felt, even then, young as I was, that to many a man, such motives, such inducements, might shed a splendor through the dark and gloomy regions of the cloister; and, if I could have derived a consolation from any thing in my hard lot, it would have been from practising the austerities of the anchorite, and striving for the ennobling virtues and glorious enthusiasm of the saint. But, alas! I felt, also, that such things were not for me; that animal power and life was strong within me; that the fiery and impetuous blood which flowed through my veins required the same fields wherein my ancestors had fought—required the same scenes in which they had mingled—required to act, and feel, and love; and not to freeze in the slow and feelingless current of a profession whose only warmth, and whose only light, are derived from the star which shines from beyond the tomb.

More sad, more gloomily, more desponding, I returned from the palace of the bishop to the monkish cloister. Despair was now at its height; I would put no restraint upon myself; I would make use of no exertion. I gave myself up to apathy and idleness; I never went forth to take exercise. I would read the dull books of scholastic theology which were open before my eyes; I would hear the duller lectures of the brothers appointed to teach me; but the lettered page scarcely passed beyond my eye, and affected not my understanding; the droning lesson of my preceptor slept in my idle ear, and had no effect upon my brain, or on my heart. The good prior often tried to tempt me forth to ride or walk; and, as I acted upon no system—as that which hung upon me was gloom, not sullenness, I went wherever he asked me, I did whatever he bade. But the short walk that he led me, along the bank of the river, or the slow pace of his lazy mule, afforded but little exercise to one accustomed from infancy to the wild sports of the forest, and the vigorous games of military aspirants. The greater part of my time I sat and mused on what might have been, and in those musings I grew old before my time.

Such a state of things could not go on long; and I had been absent from my home little more than a year, when I felt a sudden change come over my health. A langor fell upon me; my cheek began to burn, and my brow to ache; and I could hear the rushing of the red stream of life, as it poured, like some tumultuous torrent, along the course of my young veins. I felt that I was ill; I hoped that I was dying; and when the prior remarked my state of sickness, and demanded what he could do for me, I replied, "Nothing, but send me back to die at home."

That request was immediately complied with; but, before the heavy vehicle in which I was placed had reached the spot where my paternal dwelling rears its massy walls and bastions above the river, recollection left me, and I was borne into the castle of my fathers in a state of wild delirium. I have no remembrance of any thing that passed for several days. What I raved of I cannot precisely tell; but I have reason to believe, from some words that my mother let fall at an after period, that my thoughts and my words still turned upon the dark subject of my future fate. Let us pass over that, however, and speak of matters more important to my history.

When I awoke and found myself at home—would to God that I had never beheld that home again!—I found myself tended by her mother, and by several of her maidens; but by another person, also, whose dress bespoke her of a rank equal to our own, though her face was quite unfamiliar to my eyes. It was that of a girl of, perhaps, fifteen years of age,—young, and bright, and beautiful as the morning. Her figure was slight, and full of all the light elegance of youth; every line was moulded in symmetry, and every movement sparkled with grace. When first I beheld her gazing at me, the small and arching mouth, which neither the chisel of the sculptor nor the pencil of the limner ever equalled, was smiling to see a look of renovated health come back into my worn and haggard features; and the long, liquid eyes, shining through their dark eye-lashes, like the evening star, pouring its sweet light from the shadowy verge of night, beamed up with pleasure, to think that she should bear my mother the glad tidings of the first good change in my disease.

It was early in the morning, and she had stolen in to ask the nurse, who sat by me, the tidings of the night; and, as soon as she had heard them, and saw with her own eyes that I was better, she tripped away with a step of light, her heart thrilling with the joy she was to give to others. The first rational words I had spoken for many days were to inquire who she was; and the reply of the nurse, that it was the Lady Leonora of Weilberg, explained to me the whole. I had seen her when we were both children; and, even at that early age, I had heard that she was destined for my brother's wife. Oh, hateful custom, abhorrent to all the sweet sympathies and finest feelings of man's nature, which binds together, without one sympathetic tie, without one link between heart and heart, the unwilling hands of two lordly slaves to custom; binds them, even in the cradle, to the fate which is to make them miserable for ever! Leonora was destined, almost from her birth, for the bride of my brother; and, on her father's death she had been removed, according to his will, which appointed my father her guardian, to the paternal mansion of her future husband. There I now found her, in her surpassing loveliness; and there, during the long period of my slow convalescence, she attended me with the care and affection of a sister, and calmed me ever by the endearing name of brother.

If I envied him before, how did I envy my brother Ferdinand now! But let it not be thought that I weakly, that I criminally encouraged feelings which could only make me more miserable than I was. I envied him the more, only because I saw that a new star was destined to shine upon his lot, but I would not suffer myself to think that the star might ever have been mine. She called me brother, and I was determined to look upon her as a sister: I felt that I could love her better than I had ever loved my brother; I felt that no harsh word, no cutting gibe from those sweet lips would ever turn, even for a moment, the better feelings of my heart to gall. I took a pleasure in fancying that she, by her gentleness and kindness, might create a new bond of union between myself and Ferdinand, which might, perhaps, tend to soften the younger brother's lot. Great pleasure did I find in that idea—much pleasure, much dangerous pleasure, perhaps, in thinking of her. I had her society, also, all to myself: my father and my brother were still absent with the army; my mother had lost much of the activity of youth; and, as strength and health returned in the free air of my native hills, as,—with every breeze that fanned the woods, and every morning that blushed freshly through the eastern sky, lightning up for my eyes a world of dear objects and old accustomed sights—the calm pulse of health began to beat more and more strongly in my veins, as the ruddy hue returned into my cheek, and the light of life and energy beamed up once more in my eye, we would wander together through the scenes around, and talk of all the happy themes of youth, and hope, and innocence. I can look back upon those moments with satisfaction; they were bright, they were pure, they were unalloyed!

At length, however, came a letter from my father, commanding me, in somewhat stern terms, to return to Wurtzburg, as soon as my health was fully re-established. Oh, how it changed every feeling, in a moment, into gall and bitterness. I had known, it is true, that the time must come; but, as before, I had wilfully closed my eyes.—Now, however, that they were opened, the dull heavy weight fell back upon my heart again, and seemed to crush it into the very earth. So great was the change, so apparent to all eyes, that my mother instantly sent for the leech who had attended me in my sickness, and bade him visit me in my chamber, fearful that the state of melancholy into which I had fallen might make me relapse into illness.

When he came, I was gazing forth from my window upon the windings of the river, with my hands clasped together, and my eyes fixed in intense and painful thought. It was easy for any one to see that the objects which presented themselves to my view were not those with which my mind was busy; and the leech, who dwelt in the castle, and knew all that had passed before, found no difficulty in divining what was the matter which occupied my thoughts.

He was a calm, meditative man, who had passed much of his early life with the armies in Italy. He was versed in many an art besides his own, but in none more than in that of reading the human heart; and, approaching me with a serious air, he sat down beside me, saying, "You are grave, Count Henry, you are sad; but let not your sadness go too far! It may injure your health, as I much fear it has done before."

"Health! my good friend," I answered,—"what is health to me? What is the benefit to me, of power to wield a sword I must not draw, of strength for manly sports I must not practise? Small store of health will serve my turn till death closes my eyes."

"Count Henry, you are wrong!" he said; "Pray mark my words, and I will be physician to your mind, as I have once been to your body.—You think the loss of health but little—and so it might be, if it did but bring certain death to those who are weary of the world. But such is not the case! Death follows not, like a servant, at the bidding of every one who casts away the greatest of God's corporeal blessings! Instead of doing so, the dark King of the grave sends messengers to vindicate his insulted power, and drag him who so offends, by slow and painful steps, to the porch of that gloomy judgment-hall, where he must wait long ere he be allowed to enter. Those messengers are slow sickness, feebleness of body, loss of mental power, impotence of thought and actions, long burning fever, restless pain, and many an agonising pang beside. But even could you obtain death so easily, have you any right to seek it? Is not your life valuable to others? may not the time come when it would be valuable to yourself?"

"Never, never!" I replied. "In the bitter fate to which I am doomed, no time can come at which death would not be welcome."

"Your father," he said, in the same calm, serious tone, "and your brother have gone forth to lead armies, to do great deeds, and acquire great fame; and have left you to wither in a cloister, till such time as you can receive the cold and barren splendor of a bishop's mitre. It is, certainly, a hard fate for a youth of strong passions and an eager temperament. It is a hard fate: but yet, how many things might alter it; how many chances, in this ever-changing life, might occur, from day to day, to place you in a different situation, to call you to different pursuits, to open for you the path which you are most eager to follow! The life of each man in the battle-field is a life of peril. It is but a month since that your brother was wounded in a skirmish—slightly, indeed, but it might have been severely—it might have been unto death. Then, what a change——"

"Hold, hold!" I exclaimed, with a crowd of wild, confused, and startling images rising up before my mind, like phantoms conjured up at the word of a sorcerer. "Hold, hold! let me think!"

I did think: I thought with an intensity that was almost painful. Visions of splendid joy passed before the mind's eye; grand hopes, bright imaginings, dreams of delight. The free, the wide, the beautiful world seemed opened before my footsteps; the fetters seemed stricken off the limbs of my spirits; and I felt like the imprisoned bird when it sees the door of its cage opened, and the infinite expanse of heaven laid wide before its wings.—Such was the coloring of the first rush of thought which his words brought across my mind. But, suddenly, there came a recollection—a fearful recollection: the voice of conscience, the voice of God, spoke to my heart, and asked me how all these splendid things were to be brought about?—By a brother's death! I saw the dark polluted stream of evil mingling with the sparkling current of my brightest hopes: I perceived at once, with keener discernment than the eye of youth can often attain, that the wishes, and the dreams, and the anticipations, founded on such a basis, must all be criminal. It seemed as if the Almighty, in his mercy and his foresight, had spread out before me, with terrible distinctness, the picture and the plan of all those tortuous ways by which the mighty and tremendous spirit of evil might lead such thoughts into actual crime and everlasting destruction.

"Hold, hold, good friend!" I cried; while my brain reeled, and my heart throbbed with the struggle between the glittering hopes and brilliant wishes on the one hand, and the dark and awful fears on the other. "Hold, hold, good friend! Leave me—leave me to thought, I beseech thee; I will speak with thee more to-morrow."

He paused, and fixed his eyes upon me steadfastly for a moment—I felt that he was reading my very soul; and then, without speaking, he turned away and left me. For several hours I remained alone: but the suddenness with which those ideas had been brought upon me had awakened my spirit at once to their nature and their consequences; and I pondered gloomily, fearfully, anxiously, upon that dark theme, till, at length, somebody knocked at the door of the cabinet in which I was sitting, and Leonora entered. She was looking more beautiful than ever; for in her eyes, and over her whole countenance, was spread a look of sad and thoughtful interest and I felt that I myself was the object thereof. But that resplendent beauty, that look of affectionate regard, had any thing but the effect which it might at one time have produced. It roused me from the dreaminess of thought into which I had fallen,—it roused me at once, it is true; but it roused me to active determination. Instead of covering over the danger with still brighter hopes, with still more ardent aspirations, it taught me at once to see the precipice on which I stood. It showed me that one wrong thought suffered to remain, one bright hope left to seduce me on, and I might linger through the next few years—a wretch living on the hopes of his brother's death!

She asked me, kindly and gently, why I had shut myself up there alone, estranged from the company of my mother and herself? She told me that my mother was fearful and apprehensive concerning me; and added, that servants had passed through the room more than once—I had not seen them—finding me still sitting in the same position, without taking notice of any thing.

"I have been thinking, dear Leonora," I replied, "over my hard fate, in being obliged to quit all the scenes and the people that I love, and return to a profession for which I have so strong a distaste. But, as it is my father's will," I added, "my utmost exertions shall be used to bear my lot, not only with patience, but with cheerfulness."

I followed her to the chamber of my mother, and there repeated the same tale; and, though I spoke it gravely—nay, sadly, I saw that it was a great relief to her; and I learned that she wrote instantly to my father, to communicate the determination I had taken. Leonora looked sad, when I myself named my departure with but the interval of one day; but she and my mother strove to cheer me; and, seeing more deeply into my feelings than others had done, they talked not to me of the wealth, and power, and splendor of the princes of the church of Rome—of the amusements, occupations, and happiness which might be open to me as an ecclesiastic. They never mentioned a topic that they knew was painful; and that evening passed by in peace.

On the following day, I went out early, to meditate again by myself, and, as I returned through the woods which cover the table-land of those high rocks that overhang the river, I met the physician walking on, with a book in his hand. It was at a spot where the crag rather overhung its base; and I had paused for a moment on the brink, suffering my eye—while my mind was far otherwise occupied—to trace the swallows, as they wheeled, in dizzy flight, half way down toward the stream, cutting the thin blue air in the profound depth below me. The approaching step roused me from my revery; and, as I turned, the leech raised his eyes from the book he was reading, and gave me good-morrow. He said nothing more; but, as I had seen, on the preceding day, that he had dived more deeply into my feelings than other men could do, I determined not to leave my thoughts or resolutions unexplained.

"You have been reading, sir," I said; not well knowing how to begin, and fixing my eyes on the book in his hand, which was written in a character I did not understand.

"Yes," he answered, with his usual serious smile: "it is a treatise upon poisons, by a learned Arabian physician; in which he shows that the

Jesuitical drugs that we possess, given in a small and proper dose, puts the most sensitive ... ; while the most valuable medicines, if administered, or taken in too large a quantity, become the most noxious poison." He paused, and, fixing his eyes full upon me, added,—"It is the same with the medicine of the mind. Let me hope, Count Henry, that you have not taken too large a dose of that which I left with you yesterday."

"I trust not," I replied. "The effect which it has had is this: I have resolved to go back to Wurzburg to-morrow; to pursue my studies to a close, without intermission; and, as soon as the church allows, to take those vows which are to bind me to a profession that I detest."

"No bad effect," he replied, gravely; "but not such as I intended. Count Henry, you are afraid of yourself; and you apprehend that the idea of your brother's death—which I should have thought would have suggested itself, among the ordinary probabilities of human life, to any man of quick imagination—may lead you into criminal wishes, or thoughts that are in themselves evil. Have more confidence in yourself! I pointed it out, merely as one, out of a thousand chances, which might make an alteration in your fate; but, as you have applied the motive I have given you wrongly, I must give you another, which, if you use it wisely, will counteract the bad effect of the first. You seem to have forgotten, that no man can force you to take a vow with which you are unwilling to bind yourself. No vow need be taken for several years to come; and the ultimate determination of your fate remains in your own hands."

His words again threw me into a deep fit of thought. He presented my position in an entirely new light to my eyes; and hope again—better, brighter hope—began to rise up, and clear away, once more, the shadows that had fallen upon me.

"Far be it from me," continued the physician, after watching for a moment or two the varied expressions that must have chased each other across my countenance—"far be it from me, Count Henry, to advise you to disobey the will of my noble lord, your father. On the contrary, strive, as far as it is in your nature, to bend your wishes to his. Pursue your studies for the church; endeavor to discover all which may make that fate more agreeable; seek out every source of happiness therein; and if, when the time comes that irrevocable vows must be taken, you find you can love the state they would force upon you, bind yourself, by all ties, to a profession which, dealing with the soul of man, offers, when justly used, a nobler dominion than that which controls and restrains the mere corporeal creature. But, in the mean time, impair not your health by useless thoughts and vain regrets; weaken not the strength of which, at many an unknown moment, circumstances may require the exercise; lose not the vigorous skill and knightly accomplishments which many a chance might render the befitting graces of your future station. Thus, at all events, you keep for yourself the choice, when the moment of election arrives. Possessed of all those qualities, and all that knowledge, suited either to the profession of arms or the profession of the church, you may choose which you will. If you find that your spirit will not bear the load which is cast upon it, throw off that load, with the cassock they would thrust upon you; and, claiming nothing from any one, choose your own path, fight your own way to fame, and make yourself, as many a man has done before, a name, a fortune, and a station, in the annals of your country."

Continuation in our next.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

From the Franklin Farmer.

THE SILK CULTURE.—No. 6.

REARING THE WORMS IN THEIR FOUR LAST AGES.

After the worms have completed their moulting they should be removed, and the trays or shelves cleansed of the litter. To do this, Dandolo recommends that small twigs (of the Italian mulberry) be laid over the worms, by which they are removed, but as the multicaulis have no twigs suitable, my method is to lay over them leaves nearly grown, and somewhat wilted, and when they become filled, to raise them by the stem, and place them upon the paper or cloth screens, this should be done after the worms have been fed, or they will so completely consume the leaves, that they cannot be removed by them.

If worms have not been judiciously fed, and the accumulation of litter is considerable it should be again removed during this age, particularly should the weather be damp and hot, when fermentation would take place, and endanger the health of the worms.

At this and the succeeding moultings some of the worms will have aroused, and be prepared to eat before the others have cast their skins; I then lay leaves upon them and such as are ready to eat, mount the leaves, and are removed to other hurdles; by this means, the worms of each hurdle will be ready to spin about the same time and those that remain will not be disturbed, by the feeding of those that have aroused. A circulation of fresh air should now be kept up in the apartment by opening the windows and ventilators; but the sun must not be allowed to shine on the worms; and if the thermometer is above 75° the air may be admitted under the hurdles, through the opening in the floor, and the scuttle in the roof also thrown open.

These rules must be more particularly regarded as the worms increase in size, as much of the success of the crop depends upon the purity of the air of the apartment, and the cleanliness of the shelves or hurdles. In the last ages of the worms, the exhalations emitted by them is immense. By calculations resulting from facts, it is said that in the last six or seven days the weight of vapor gas, and excremental substance discharged by them, far exceeds the whole weight of their bodies, which renders them at this period more liable to diseases than at any other.

In order to purify air of the cocoonery,—*where large numbers of worms are fed*,—it has been recommended to burn some odoriferous or vegetable substance; and also use the "fumigating bottle." This is prepared, by mixing six ounces of common salt, with three ounces of powder of black oxyde of manganese: This is put into a strong bottle with two ounces of water, and then corked tight, and as often as need two thirds of a spoonful of sulphuric acid (*oil of vitriol*) is added when a white vapor will issue, this is then carried about the cocoonery, holding it high until the vapor ceases; the cork is then replaced.—This operation is repeated several times a day. Although recommended, I know of no one in this country that resorts to this method to purify the air, nor am I of the opinion that it is in the least degree beneficial, but rather injurious.—With the exception of the use of a small quantity of chloride of lime, the best fumigation will be from the great laboratory of the Author of the Universe,—the pure atmosphere of Heaven—this will always be found the most congenial to animal life. In still, damp weather, when it is found the air does not circulate freely, if there is a fire place in the cocoonery, by making a quick fire of straw or shavings the foul air will be carried off, and its place supplied by the external atmosphere.

If the worms are to be fed upon the twine hurdles, they should be removed from the screens to them, before or soon after the last moulting, or as soon as a sufficient number have aroused to fill a hurdle, of the size before given, say from 800 to 1000. This is done by placing the hurdle about one inch above the screen, and covering it with leaves, when the worms will soon find their way up through the meshes and get upon the leaves; the screen can then be removed, and a clean one slid under the hurdle. If the worms are carefully fed the most of the refused leaves will fall through upon the screens, and may be drawn out and emptied at pleasure; but if much be found to accumulate, the worms must as often be transferred to clean hurdles with leaves laid over them in the same manner as before; some of the worms will still however remain on the screens or hurdles; these must be removed by the hands, or by laying a few leaves on them.

When the worms are about to spin they indicate it by assuming something of a yellowish appearance, refuse to eat, and wander about in pursuit of a hiding place, and throwing out fibres of silk upon the leaves. The screens and hurdles should now be thoroughly cleaned; and something prepared for them to form their cocoons in. Various plans have been proposed for this purpose; but perhaps the most simple and easily procured, and which the worms like as well as any other, are twigs or small limbs, with the leaves, on, of the oak, (the post oak of this country is best,)—these should be cut ten or fifteen days before they are wanted, that the leaves may dry and curl up. These must be placed in the form of a hedge, in the centre between the double hurdles, they should be cut longer than the height between the hurdles, and placed a little slanting, with their tops pressing against the under side of the shelf above, a row should also be placed across each end, and one or two across the middle, leaving room to feed the worms, that may not be ready to spin. As the bushes become filled and more required, they can be placed along the hedge already formed.

Mr. Smith of Baltimore, recommends broom corn as a substitute for the oak brush, and placed in the same manner, spreading out at the top in the form of a tree, where it presses against the shelf above. By the use of the broom corn, the cocoons are gathered much cleaner, and with greater facility, but I have never succeeded so well with it, as it seems hardly to afford a sufficient hiding place for them.

I have the past season, adopted a plan* for the purpose that succeeded admirably. I made frames of boards an inch thick, and two and a half inches wide, and near the length of the hurdle, and about nine inches wide, through the sides of the frames, I run rods about two feet long and seven-eighths of an inch in diameter or eight square, and the same distance (seven-eighths of an inch) from each other; leaving an equal length of the rods, on each side of the frame. Around these rods I passed coarse cotton cloth, forming parallel folds, the thickness of the rods apart. These folds were completely filled with cocoons. In this way no dupions (double cocoons) were formed, they spun less floss, all of which is saved, the cocoons gathered perfectly clean, and with much less trouble. These frames may be removed when filled, and the cocoons gathered, and others placed upon the hurdles, until all have spun.

The worms seemed however to prefer dark colored cloth to light.

When the worms are rising to spin they should not be disturbed, nor the bushes shaken by the wind from the windows, or otherwise, as they will frequently cease spinning and leave the place where they are about to form their cocoons and seek some other place, by which means much silk is wasted. H. P. BYRAM.

Near Brandenburg, Ky. Oct. 1838.

P. S. In the Farmer of the 16th of Sept. in Silk Culture, No. 3, in the first column, ninth line from the top, a typographical error occurs—*to these varieties*, should read, *to three varieties*; and in the second column, twenty-fourth line from the top, *hand-cast*, should read, *hand-cart*. H. P. B.

*In justice to Mr. Ephraim N. Byram, of Long Island, N. Y. I ought here to state that this plan was first suggested by him. In the construction of which however, I have made considerable improvements.

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

REMEMBER ME.

Remember me when the moon is up,
And the night breeze with perfume is sighing,
When fairies dance on the blue-bell's cup,
And the wild-bird is homeward flying.
Remember me.

Remember me when the stars are bright,
And spirits their vigils are keeping;
When silence and darkness rules the night,
And Beauty is softly sleeping.
Remember me.

Remember me when the song of mirth,
Is heard in the halls of gladness;
When the gay and titled ones of earth,
Would forget each scene of sadness,
Remember me.

Remember me when the tide of time,
Shall have roll'd onceasing along,
When oblivion shall bury each error and crime,
Then think on the child of song.
Remember me.

Philadelphia, 1839. S. H.

Atkinson's Evening Post and Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1839.

AGENCIES.

Our friend and travelling Agent, **Wm. A. Pierce**, is about making a collection tour through Delaware, Chester, Lancaster and Lebanon. Our friends in those sections will oblige us particularly by punctual attention to his requirements.

Mr. **S. H. Stevenson** is our travelling Agent in Kentucky in place of Mr. B. G. Easton, resigned.

C. Pierce, Esq. P. M. at Chester, Penn. has taken the Agency at Chester, Penn. Subscribers will please settle with him.

M. B. Dewitt, Esq. P. M. at Paterson, N. J. is appointed Agent for that place and will receive subscriptions due.

Mr. **J. B. Weldin** is Agent at Pittsburgh, Pa.

P. G. Eberman is Agent at Lancaster, Pa.

C. W. James is Agent at Cincinnati, O. and travelling Agent in Ohio and Indiana. Subscribers in those places will please take cognizance of the above.

NEW APPOINTMENTS.

W. N. Harrison, is appointed agent for this paper in Baltimore, in place of N. Hickman, Bookseller.

J. C. Thurston, is appointed agent at St. Louis, Mo.

A. Marschalk, is appointed agent at Natchez, Miss.

D. W. Linn, is appointed agent at Ithaca, N. Y.

Our subscribers at each of the above named places are respectfully requested to make prompt settlements with the agents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*The Pride of the Sea*," we regret to say, is not distinguished for that care in the composition, which has marked the previous effusions of the author.—If he will examine the following line, in its connection, he will perceive the deficiency:

"That Spirits are chanting *their dirge*"—

"T. H. C." of Jeffersonville, Indiana, will excuse our delinquency,—the manuscript which he kindly forwarded was mislaid by neglect. It is now in hand, and shall shortly appear. We would be pleased to hear from him again.

"*A Tale founded on Fact*," has been received, and is under consideration.

"*The Victim*," shall have a place.

"*A Tale of* 1817," is sadly deficient. We owe more to our subscribers, than to lay before them such *inveterate* prose.

"*An Extract from an unpublished Work*," we must decline publishing.

Several correspondents must bide their time.

ADVERTISING.

We have delayed sending the S. E. Post to several country papers that have advertised our prospectus, as the gentleman who looked over the papers, and made out the exchange list omitted to name the towns where published. Of course it was out of our power to respond immediately. If those who do not yet receive the papers correctly will give us an opportunity of knowing their whereabouts they will receive our publication for a full year from the time of its commencement.

The New York Gazette states, that the tonnage duty of one dollar per ton on American vessels entering the ports of Texas, has been removed, and that they are now admitted *free*.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. FISK.

It is stated that the Rev. Dr. Fisk, President of the Wesleyan University of Middletown, Conn. died in that city at 10 o'clock, A. M. on the 22d ult. His life had been despaired of for several days.

SPRING.

The Boston Transcript says,—"The vanguard of the army of wild geese passed over the city on Thursday evening, 21st ult. about eight o'clock, on their annual Northern journey."

The New York packet ships have reduced the charge for a passage from New York to England to $100. This measure will interfere with the business of the steam ships, unless the latter also come down in their fare.

The Ohio river at Wheeling, on Thursday 21st, was still falling, and was so low that boats had nearly ceased to run.

Gov. Hayne is in Mississippi, endeavoring to encourage a direct trade to Europe from the South.

THE PREVENTION OF DUELS.

The bill for preventing and punishing dueling in the District of Columbia, has been approved and signed by the President. This we hope, will effectually suppress the disgraceful practice, by counsellors of the nation.

SOUTHWARK INSTITUTE.

We attended the exercises of the Southwark Institute on the evening of the 22d ult. and were much delighted with the appropriate discourse of our friend and neighbor, E. Holden, Esq. His discourse abounded in philosophical reflection upon the character of the great and the good Washington, and evinced much research in the early records of the history of our infant Republic. The poem by J. G. Spear, Esq. was a production of much merit, and the pains which the author must have devoted in the composition thereof, rendered it a high tribute to the body of young men before whom it was delivered.

COMPLIMENTARY.

The passengers who came out in the Great Western, the last trip have presented to Capt. Hosken a pair of elegant pitchers as a token of their regard for his kindness and gentlemanly conduct during the voyage.

RIOT AT MOBILE.

A riot took place among the carpenters, at Mobile, on the evening of the 13th ult. in consequence of some northern workmen having been engaged on several buildings in different parts of the city, for lower wages than themselves. They assembled to a body of 150 or 200, and made an attack on a house where a number of the offending journeymen boarded. They broke in the windows and destroyed a part of the furniture. The obnoxious workmen had resolved upon defending themselves, but did not expect an attack so early in the evening, and consequently were unprepared. The military and firemen, under the command of the sheriff, put down the riot, some of whom were lodged in prison.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

By an arrival at Boston, we rejoice to learn that the government of the Sandwich Islands has prohibited the importation of all distilled spirits and laid a duty on all wines of half a dollar per gallon. The object of this is to restrain intemperance, induced among the native Malays by the civilized whites.

The following penalty is attached to the violation of the law: "Whatever master, owner, of any vessel, or whatever person shall be guilty of a violation of the above prohibition, shall be fined not less the one hundred nor more than one thousand dollars, according to the amount sold."

SUCCESSOR TO DR. FISK.

The President of Randolph and Macon College, Dr. Olin, is spoken of as successor of the lamented President Fisk, of the Wesleyan University. Dr. O. is now in Europe. He is probably the most suitable person for the station indicated, but could be selected from the body of the church to which he belongs.

We copy the following appropriate stanzas from the New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE SYMPATHIES OF HEAVEN AND EARTH HARMONISED.

IN MEMORY OF THE REV. DR. FISK.

Two spirits met;
One was disembodied, and was from the clime
Where dwell the just, who pass the bounds of time,
And earthly pangs forget;
"And know'st thou not," said he, with joyous air,
To one who had not passed earth's bounds of care,
"That this is a high day?
And that our realms are ringing with delight?
For lo! a glorious heir—a child of light,
Borne through the ethereal way,
Came to the joyous presence of our King;
And now, through all our blissful realms doth ring,
A greeting welcome day."

But ah! a look that almost spoke despair,
Hung curtain-like around that child of care,
As weepingly he said,
"And now'st thou not that earth doth deeply mourn?
That while thou joyest for a seraph born,
Earth mourns a champion dead?
'He was a burning light'—faith fed the blaze—
And though we gloried in the lucent rays,
As from Heaven's altar lent,
And knew from whence it came—from whence it burned,
And that to its pure source 'twould be returned,
Yet its extinguishment
On earth we mourn; 'tis therefore in one day
Ye sing seraph born, and we a weeping lay."

Thus heaven hath sympathies,
Pure, fresh-born every moment—constant—new,
And earth has fresh-born varying sorrows too,
And signaled much as these.
But faith, strong mighty faith, can plume the wing,
And mortals too in seraph chorus sing
With those of heavenly birth;
For keen eyed faith dismantles the disguise
That masks the want of one-like sympathies,
Between sweet heaven and earth.

SHEPHERDESS.

A VENERABLE CONSUL.

Miss Hall, in her "Rambles in Europe," (a very interesting work by the way) in 1836, while at Leghorn was waited upon by the American consul at that port. He holds his office by the appointment and under the hand of Washington. If still living he is doubtless the only man in existence who can exhibit the signature of the immortal father of his country as the seal of his office. In 1836, according to Miss Hall, his form was erect, and his face was slightly wrinkled.—"He would," she says, "pass readily for fifty-five or sixty, and yet he must be verging upon ninety. It is more than half a century since he has looked upon his native land."

POWDER MILL EXPLOSION.

The Wilkesbarre Courier says, that the Powder Manufactory of Capt. W. H. Alexander, on Laurel Run, above Wilkesbarre, was destroyed yesterday, by explosion. Fortunately no lives were lost; one man was seriously, though it is thought not dangerously burnt. A singular fatality seems to attend Powder manufactories in this region. This is the third instance of explosion within a year. Whether they are the result of inexperience accident, or carelessness, we cannot tell—probably, however, of accident.

DR DYOTT'S CASE.

The case of Dr. Dyott, on a petition to take the benefit of the insolvent law, is still before the Court.

Mr. Stephen Simpson, his former Cashier is the most material witness,—and from his testimony, the following facts are gleaned.

1st. The whole amount of the specie capital of the Bank, was less than $300!

2d. Post notes (that is, fictitious issues) were at one time emitted to the amount of $115,000.

3d. The whole issues of the Bank were between three and four hundred thousand dollars!

4th. The Dyotts made money (shinplasters) at one time so fast, that the Cashier could not get an account of them!

5th. Houses for all the Dyotts were purchased with post-notes, never paid.

6th. The stores and contents were transferred to the Doctor's son, and others.

7th. The merchandise in the store was all carted away last fall. The amount was estimated at $250,000!

8th. When the Cashier was in the habit of receiving deposites from individuals, or savings, he paid them over to "the Doctor." He had "the Doctor's" receipts for $150,000! of deposites, mostly in small sums from poor depositors.

According to this testimony, not even $70,000 of the issues could have been redeemed! And "the Doctor" managed his own business in his own way, so that Mr. Simpson avers he could not tell where the property is!!

The following is a part of Mr. Simpson's evidence, as reported in the Public Ledger:—

During the run, the Doctor kept up a play by sending in notes, getting change, and the money went to the store and came into the bank again, so that the appearance of payment was kept up to the eye of the public, while they got little or nothing but was all got by Dyott's men; I was told by Dyott only to pay certain persons with certain badges on them, and these persons were Dyott's agents, but I did exactly the reverse; I told John Dyott of this fraud, and he said it was so; they then kept me away from paying, and got Calder to pay, as he knew the workmen employed in it well, and only paid them; Holmes, Porter & Co. were authorised by Dyott to buy up notes and deposite books; they have bought up many books and claim to hold $25,000 post notes; they have been in constant habit of depositing for redemption; they held a large bond and a deed of the whole real estate; in substance Dr. Dyott frequently told me they were his agents; I had reason to think so from the constant money connections with them, and general conversations and that they were buying his post notes; he said at one time they were selected as the assignees of the young Dyotts; I first heard they intended to fail in November, 1838; I found the young Dyotts were about to fail, by giving checks not good, and by conversations with Mr. Phillips and Dr. Dyott in relation to the impossibility of Dr. Dyott's ever being a bankrupt as long as the Dyotts had so large an amount of goods bought with post notes of Dr. Dyott, and it was resolved that the young Dyotts should break by assuming bank responsibilities—it was done thus: Dr. Dyott borrowed their checks of small amounts from 50 to 400 dollars, payable abroad; they were circulated and presented at the different banks, and not being paid, then the failure was to take place; (I speak from facts and their inevitable inferences;) whilst they suffered their checks to be dishonored, they had plenty of money; they gave a bond to Ridgway and to Capt. Man, and to Holmes, Porter, & Co. I can imagine no reason for the young Dyotts entering into these liabilities for Dr. Dyott, except the pretext for failure; there are no debts from them to Ridgway or Man; the clandestine emissions of $5,000 dollars, discovered in April, 1837, does not enter into the books; the run ceased by the general suspension, and general discredit gave us credit; the run was not exhausted when we ceased.

LITERARY.

"*Book of the Passions*," by G. P. R. James, Esq. illustrated with sixteen splendid engravings, *Lea & Blanchard*. It is a London work, royal octavo, and printed in the best style. The engravings are from drawings by the most eminent artists, under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath. The publishers deserve much credit for their enterprise, and we would commend the work to every lady of taste, who wishes a beautiful volume to adorn the centre table.—The tales of themselves, are of surpassing interest, the commencement of one of which will be found upon our first page.

"*The Waverly Novels*," revised edition, from the last Edinburg edition, containing the latest additions and correction of the author.—*Carey & Hart*.

It would ill become us to enter into an encomium upon the works of Sir. Walter Scott, but we cannot too strongly urge upon our numerous readers to embrace the present opportunity to provide themselves with a complete edition of the productions of the "Wizard of the North." The present edition is in five volumes, octavo, handsomely bound, contains thirty-two distinct novels, and is furnished by the publishers at the exceeding low price of ten dollars per set.

"*Dunglison's Intelligencer*" for February, contains the following:—"Poisonous Exhalation from Decaying Potatoes," by Dr. Troschel, of Berlin. A poor family had piled up their store of potatoes in their room under a wide bed, where they froze in the night through the intensity of the cold, but thawed in the day from the heat of the stove, and in this changing temperature soon spoiled. One day, the children were directed to cull out the rotten potatoes, and for this purpose turned up the heap with small sticks; soon after, five of the inmates of the room were seized with vertigo, headache and vomiting. This was attributed to the heat of the fire; the windows were opened, and the patients recovered. Another day, however, the stove remained cold for want of fuel, and still the same accidents were renewed with the same intensity, as soon as the children resumed their occupation. The ventilation of the room, by opening the window, again brought relief. Probably this poisoning of the air was owing to the carbonic acid gas which was extracted from the decaying mass. (?)

"*The Bubbles of Canada*," by the author of "*Sam Slick*," "*the Clock Maker*," &c. *Lea & Blanchard*. The book comprises, in a series of letters to James Haliburton, Esq. the whole history of the Canadian dissentions.

"*The Yale Literary Magazine*," conducted by the students of Yale College. The February number contains several good articles, with Canto second of "The Won Deserted," which we think rather creditable rhyme.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

The readers of that excellent periodical, the Knickerbocker, will be gratified to learn that Washington Irving has associated himself with this magazine as a permanent and regular contributor.

THE 22d AT WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, says that there was a great display of beauty and fashion at the National Assembly on the 22d ult. in honor of Washington. "Mr. Clay," he says, "was the first man who held a conversation of any length with the President, and the next man I found him in conversation with was Mr. Nicholas Biddle."

A number of the foreign ministers, and of the members of their legations, were present, in their court costume.

About eleven o'clock, supper was announced. The President was again marshalled to the banquet, Mr. Biddle led in the lady of the Secretary of the Treasury, and placed her on the right of the President, himself on the left. Just below him sat the Secretary of the Treasury himself—Mr. Biddle between the President and Mr. Woodbury was a noticeable spectacle.

The ball was kept up with great spirit until three o'clock in the morning.

SUNFLOWER SEGARS.

We have been presented for our inspection, two boxes of a new article of domestic manufacture, which will probably become popular and serviceable, termed "*Pectoral Helianthus Segars*," made from the leaves of the common garden plant, the Sunflower. These segars are of a very pleasant flavor, and said to be of valuable medicinal qualities in cases of asthma and other complaints leading to consumption, which are sometimes caused by the intemperate use of tobacco. These Segars are highly recommended by several physicians of Lancaster county, who have witnessed their happy effects in cases where no other remedy appeared to reach the complaint.

The sunflower appears to be a more valuable plant than it is usually esteemed to be. In addition to the segars made from its leaves, one acre of ground, (plants 3½ feet apart,) yields from 50 to 60 bushels of seed, which produces a large quantity of oil equal to Olive oil, for table use, and superior to linseed oil for cabinet work. Our annual importation of linseed oil is quoted at 600,000 barrels, which could be made from the sunflower, of superior quality. The cake after the oil is pressed out is good for cattle, and said to be worth as much as oats.

Messrs. Groff & Goodman, of Marietta, Pa. the manufacturers of these segars, pay from 5 to 15 cents a pound for the sunflower leaves, (cured in the same way as tobacco,) which are taken from the plant when small yellow spots appear on them. They hold the patent right for the manufacture and offer to sell state rights, and to give instructions as to the mode of cultivating and curing the leaf. Letters post paid, addressed to them, receive prompt attention.

They have leaf sufficient to make seventy thousand segars, which it is their intention to distribute over the United States to encourage the cultivation of the plant.

We noticed some time since an article from the Southern Agriculturist strongly recommending the cultivation of the sunflower, as a valuable kind of fodder for cattle, which they were so fond of, as to prefer it to nearly every other kind of food. It is worthy of the consideration of farmers. Mr. Charles A. Barnett, of York, Pa. holds a patent for screens to sort and prepare the seed for hulling.

HARRISBURG SILK CONVENTION.

A gentleman who attended the session of the Silk Convention, at Harrisburg, last week, informs us that it passed off in the happiest manner. Mr. Porter, brother of the Governor, was installed in the chair—at first he appeared to be quite cool, but as the subject was discussed, he, as well as the members of the Legislature, Governor, judges, lawyers, clergy, &c. who crowded the sittings from all parts of the state, became enthusiastic and strongly impressed with its importance. The Legislature will no doubt immediately pass a law for the protection of Morus Multicaulis Trees. Indeed the name has become so popular, that many children recently christened in the country will rejoice in the name of *Morus Multicaulis!*

We should like to know who were the issuers of the Shinplasters styled "*Fairfield Loan and Trust Company*," payable at the offices of the company in Fairfield, or the city of New York, "signed *J. H. Husted*, Treas'r, *C. Hill*, Pres't." One of their "promises" has been returned to us after remaining in Connecticut nearly a year.

MORE OF THE SILK CULTURE.

We were much interested with the details of a meeting held at the Franklin Institute last Tuesday evening, which was addressed by Mr. Olmsted, of East Hartford, Conn. on the absorbing subject of silk. Mr. O. had spread over the lecture desk about 1000 skeins of beautiful glossy sewing silk of various colors, raw silk, braid, satin vestings, (woven at Economy, Pa.) &c. &c. We give the substance of a part of Mr. O.'s remarks:

The sewing silk was half the product of one-eighth of an acre manufactured by Mr. Danforth on Mr. O's farm last year from morus multicaulis. The trees were planted about the middle of May; the worms fed in July when the trees were two and three feet high, and the trees sold in the fall. Part of the trees were stripped of their leaves excepting three or four leaves at the top of the plant, and a part untouched. The trees which supplied the worms grew better, and were more flourishing than those left with leaves on. 20,000 silk worms were fed, and consumed 1,164 lbs. of leaves, and produced nine bushels of cocoons, yielding nine lbs. of silk, besides one pound of waste and floss. About 5000 of the worms were fed on 180 lbs. of leaves, and the product was two bushels of cocoons and two lbs. of silk—90 lbs. of multicaulis leaves, therefore, are sufficient to produce one pound of silk.—The 1-8th of an acre produced more than 1200 lbs. leaves, but there were not sufficient worms to consume all. At the same rate an acre would produce 9600 lbs. of leaves, and over 100 lbs. of silk. The sewing silk being worth $10 a lb. the produce of one acre would be $1000, besides the value of the trees for market.

In addition to this Mr. O. went into an estimate of the value of the eggs—and showed a parcel of perforated cocoons, and very handsome silk made from them, which have been heretofore supposed to be spoiled and lost. Mr. O. exhibited some braid guard chains, &c. which a young girl fourteen years of age wove on a recently invented machine. Fifty yards of this braid is considered in England a day's work, but she weaves 300 yards a day, and had very little previous practice. Mr. O. estimates that the feeding from the morus multicaulis is only 1-6th of the labor of feeding from the Italian mulberry, and that our silk is twenty-five per cent. better than the foreign—that England and France would take fifty millions of dollars worth from us annually if they could get it, and that our home consumption would require twenty millions. A great part of our raw silk when well reeled would be too valuable for sewings, as $13 a lb. is given in France for the finer qualities in a raw state for making silk lace veils and other finer fabrics. Italian sewing silk is much deteriorated by the incorporation of about four ounces of gum costing two cents a pound, into each pound of fourteen ounces, therefore as the paper wrapper weighs near an oz. we only get about nine or ten ounces of silk to the lb. The Italian governments exact a tax of about $2,50 a lb. on the raw silk exported.

By the above views it may be supposed that the lecturer is sanguine of the profit of raising the morus multicaulis, for some time to come as it rests upon the sure basis of silk culture, and that we have not an hundredth part of the quantity of trees which will be shortly required. He took a comparative view of the product of cotton land with that appropriated to silk culture much to the advantage of the latter.—In the Carolinas the average crop of Upland cotton was 150 lbs. to the acre, and the medium price twelve cents per lb. that in Georgia the average crop per acre was 200 lbs. at 12½ cents, and that it would thus take forty acres of cotton to equal the production of silk from one acre—that the case was not theoretical, but the proof lay before us, and was a matter of history.

In reply to a question as to the relative value of different species of worms, Mr. O. thought the two crop kind would at first be valuable for the purpose of propagating the eggs in sufficient quantities—but that those styled the Mammoth White would hereafter be preferred, and that two or three crops might be fed in one season, keeping back the period of hatching of a part; those preserved in an ice house and kept back last season produced larger balls than those hatched at the regular period. He also read the letter of Mr. Danforth to the American Institute giving a history of his practice last year, which letter we propose to lay before our readers in a future number.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's Message upon the all absorbing question of the difficulties upon the border, was received too late for insertion. The President after recapitulating most of what we have laid before our readers in another column, and having adverted to the rumor, that by understanding of the two Governments, Sir Jno. Harvey was authorised to maintain exclusive jurisdiction over the disputed soil, till an amicable arrangement of the question of right should take place remarks,

The important bearing which such an agreement, if it existed, would have upon the condition and interests of the parties, and the influence it might have upon the adjustment of the dispute, are too obvious to allow the error upon which this assumption seems to rest, to pass for a moment without correction. It is believed that all the correspondence which has passed between the two Governments upon the subject has already been communicated to Congress, and is now on their files. Instead of sustaining the assumption of the British functionaries, that correspondence disproves the existence of any such agreement. It shows that the two Governments have differed not only in regard to the main question of title to the territory in dispute, but with reference also to the right of jurisdiction, and the fact of the actual exercise of it in different portions thereof.

The whole document is rather conciliatory than otherwise. He deprecates the attempt of either party to occupy by force of arms the disputed soil, and after expressing the hope, that it will not be attempted on the part of Maine, he says—

On the other hand, if the authorities of New Brunswick should attempt to enforce the claim of exclusive jurisdiction set up by them, by means of a military occupation on their part of the disputed territory, I shall feel myself bound to consider the contingency provided by the Constitution as having occurred, on the happening of which a State has the right to call for the aid of the Federal Government to repel invasion.

He closes with an appeal to the patriotism of the citizens of Maine, and the hope that her solicitude for the peace of the country will prevent rashness, and restrain impetuosity, and says that—

As the session of Congress is about to terminate, and the agency of the executive may become necessary during the recess, it is important that the attention of the Legislature should be drawn to the consideration of such measures as may be calculated to obviate the necessity of a call for an extra session.

CONVICTS PARDONED.

We have heard with regret that the atrocious and dangerous criminal, Edward Sprogel, who was convicted for the highway robbery of the drover, Aaron Waddington, after two trials, has been pardoned by the Governor. We are also informed that Wilson, who was convicted of killing a man in Arch street, near Second, last summer, has been pardoned. Truly our laws and our Courts are of little value, when justice is so frequently defeated by the extending of improper favor by the Executive.

The Northampton (Mass.) Courier, says that one reach of Sunderland Bridge, lately broke down by means of a drove of cattle truddling together in a part of it that had been injured by the late freshet. The cattle got an uncomfortable ducking; twelve of them were killed, and the others squabbled.

A few days since, all the criminals in the jail at Ann Arbour, Mich. succeeded in effecting their escape.

A fatal and melancholy accident occurred near Dayton, Ohio, on the 16th ult. at the saw mill of the Messrs. Steele. A fly wheel of heavy oak timber connected with machinery for boring fence posts, flew into pieces, while in rapid motion, and one of the fragments striking Mr. Samuel Steele, who was standing near, in the forehead, occasioned his death in a few minutes.

TEMPORARY COMPROMISE.

A temporary arrangement has been entered into between the Secretary of State, and the British Minister at Washington, that each party shall desist from committing depredations upon the land heretofore held by the respective parties, and that they shall unite in preventing depredations, until the matter has been fully settled by the two governments. We think with Mr. Evans, of Maine, that this advice has come too late. It is scarcely supposable that when the hot blood of the two parties has been so fully excited, that they will easily enter into a course of mutual forbearance.

The British Minister has sent a messenger to New Brunswick, probably with pacific recommendations. A special messenger from the President of the United States for Fredericton, N. B. passed through N. York on Monday.

The Bangor Whig says the letter of Sir John Harvey of the 13th ult. reveals the whole reason why the matter has not been settled years ago. If they are to retain exclusive jurisdiction till the controversy is settled, then by keeping up the dispute, and refusing to have it adjusted at all, they hold the territory for ever.

This evening Mr. Combe commences his second course of lectures on Phrenology in the Musical Fund Hall at 7 o'clock.

THE OLD PRISON LOT.

We learn that the old prison lot corner of Walnut and Sixth streets has been sold to several wealthy gentlemen who intend to make extensive improvements thereon.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

February 21.

SENATE.—The bill authorising the Philadelphia and Reading Turnpike Company to extend their road to Harrisburg, passed through committee of the whole.

HOUSE.—Mr. G. R. Smith presented a petition that a vote may be taken upon the subject of retailing spirituous liquors; Mr. Carpenter one of similar import; Mr. Snowden three for a repeal of the tavern license laws; the Speaker one signed by citizens of Philadelphia, in relation to the evils of intemperance; several for a free bridge over Schuylkill; Mr. Helffenstein one for aid to the Mechanics' and Workingmen's Library Company of Philadelphia.

The bill, supplementary to the act incorporating the Philadelphia Savings Institution, was taken up. Mr. Ryan proposed an amendment, making the stockholders and members individually liable. This was disagreed to: yeas 23, nays 56. The bill finally passed: yeas 65, nays 10. This supplement provides that *all* the stockholders shall be allowed to vote for officers, and be entitled to all the privileges enjoyed by the *members* of said institution—the *members* being, by the original act, exclusively entitled to exercise the privilege of voting or controlling the affairs of said institution.

The bill to incorporate the Manor Turnpike Company passed, and was sent to the Senate.

February 22.

SENATE.—The Senate did but little business to-day. Mr. Snyder read, in his place, a bill in relation to the State Arsenal, in the county of Philadelphia.

HOUSE.—Mr. Helffenstein presented a petition asking aid to the Mechanics' and Workingmen's Library Company of Philadelphia: Mr. Fisher a memorial for the appointment of a Board of Wardens on the river Schuylkill; Mr. T. S. Smith one for the erection of a prison in the county of Philadelphia for untried persons.

Mr. Ryan offered a resolution that the Commissioners of the District of Southwark have authority to direct their superintendent to open streets in said district: Provided the same shall not take away dwellings.

Pursuant to a resolution offered by Mr. Ryan, the Governor, members of the Senate, and heads of departments, were invited into the Hall of the House for the purpose of hearing Washington's Farewell Address read, which took place at half past 11 o'clock.

February 23.

SENATE.—Several petitions were presented for free bridges.

Mr. Snyder presented one for the widening of Callowhill street.

Mr. Stevenson presented one in relation to the employment of children in factories.

The Governor nominated Samuel Hepburn, Esq. for President Judge of the 9th Judicial District.

HOUSE.—The committee on pensions and gratuities, reported unfavorably upon the petitions of two old soldiers of the revolutionary and Indian wars. Mr. Purviance moved to strike out all after the word Resolved, and amend so as to give them each a gratuity of forty dollars, which was agreed to. It was then resolved that all the petitions and documents of petitioners, upon which unfavorable reports have been made, be re-committed, and the committee instructed to bring in bills favorable to the applicants.

The House determined by a vote of 43 yeas to 34 nays, to adjourn on the 27th day of March, and meet again on Tuesday the 7th day of May ensuing.

The resolution requesting the Governor to open a correspondence with the Executives of several of the Western States, in reference to the Great Western Railroad, was passed through all its readings.

Several unimportant bills were passed.

THE LAW OF INSURANCE.

An important decision has just been made by the Supreme Court of the United States, the particulars of which are thus stated in the Alexandria Gazette:

Supreme Court of the United States—Tuesday, February 5th, 1839.—No. 31.—The Columbia Insurance Company of Alexandria, Plaintiff in error vs. Ashby & Stribling, and Peter Hewitt, Defendants in error. Mr. Justice Story delivered the opinion of the court, affirming the judgment of the Circuit Court for Alexandria county, with costs.

This case involved, we learn, one of the gravest and most difficult questions on the law of insurance. The authorities were in direct conflict, and the question, thus unsettled, had never before been brought before a court of the last resort, either in England or America. It has now arisen, and the law is conclusively pronounced, and forever established by the highest judicial tribunal known in our country. The question was as to the liability of the cargo to an average contribution for the vessel. This case had occurred several times of a vessel's being voluntarily stranded by the captain when all was in imminent peril—from a gale of wind—from fire—or from the chase of an enemy or of pirates, and it has been held and universally admitted that if the stranding were done with the view of preserving crew, vessel and cargo—the cargo being saved, and the vessel being got off with *partial* injury, then that the cargo should contribute toward paying the damage or cost of repairs encountered by the ship owners. But some of the writers who held this opinion contended for this further principle, that if the ship was *totally lost* or destroyed by such voluntary stranding, then, if the cargo was saved thereby, it was not liable for an average contribution.

The courts of New York and Virginia had decided according to the opinion last stated. The courts of Pennsylvania had decided that in such a case the cargo, or the underwriters on the cargo *should* contribute. The Circuit Court of this county decided as the courts in Pennsylvania, and the Supreme Court of the U. S. having unanimously confirmed that judgment, have forever settled this much disputed question. The Supreme Court further held that it was not necessary for this act of stranding to be done on consultation or deliberation by the captain with his officers or crew, and likewise that in such a case the cargo, or the underwriters on it, should contribute as well for the loss of *freight* as of the *vessel*.

PUNCH DRINKING EXTRAORDINARY.

If this does'nt astonish the nerves of the members of the Temperance societies, we are mistaken:—

Dr. Oliver gives the following account of the English Admiral Russell's treat at Cadiz, in 1795:

"There was in the middle of a garden of lemons and oranges (which garden belonged to Don Pedro Velasco, Governor of Cadiz) a fountain which was set with Dutch tiles in the bottom and sides, and was made as clean as a Japan punch-bowl. In this fountain, on Christmas day, was poured six butts of water, half a hogshead of strong mountain Malaga wine, two hundred gallons of brandy, six hundred weight of sugar, twelve thousand lemons, and nutmegs and sugar in proportion. The Admiral hired the Governor's house, belonging to the garden, and resided there all the winter. He invited all the English and Dutch merchants, and officers belonging to the fleet, to dine with him; there was 100 dishes of fresh meat, besides many other dishes of rarities; but such a flesh feast was never seen in Spain before. He also roasted an ox for the benefit of the company. Dinner being ended they marched in order to the fountain, or punch-bowl, where, on the punch, was floating a little boat with a little boy in it, and cups to serve it out, to the company. The admiral began with the allies health; and having drunk what they thought fit they drew off, and in went the mob, with their shoes and stockings and all on and had like to have turned the boat, with the boy, and so might have been drowned in punch, but to prevent further danger, they sucked it up, and left the punch-bowl behind. This is a comical, but a very true relation, and worth noticing."—*From Moor's Almanac of* 1711.

FOREIGN.

TEN DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The Steam-ship Liverpool arrived at New York on Monday afternoon last, after a quick passage. She left Liverpool on the evening of the 6th inst.

By her we have the Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament, it affords little positive indication of the course intended to be pursued, and is in fact remarkable rather for the thing omitted, than for the things introduced. The subject of the corn-laws, some allusion to which was confidently expected, is untouched. We presume that by the omission we are to understand that Lord Melbourne, the head of the cabinet, is opposed to any new legislation on the subject. Lord John Russell, it is said, will introduce a bill, proposing a fixed duty, and so there seems to be a prospect of that difference in the cabinet.

The Royal William arrived out at Liverpool on the 3d of February.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 31.

THE LATE WRECKS, &c.

The competition for the purchase of the goods saved from the wreck of the Pennsylvania and the St. Andrew, continues with unabated vigor and with no diminution in the attendance of bidders. The St. Andrew has been condemned, and in despite of her crippled condition and the dreary prospect of unsettled weather, the hull was knocked down for 1290*l.* the purchasers furthermore binding themselves to deliver, according to direction, each fragment of her cargo as the hold might be found to contain.

Last night it blew a severe gale from the northward. Our shipping records the already unusual disasters with which it has visited our coast. The Victoria, from Charleston, which vessel grounded during the long-to-be-remembered gale on the 7th, at the very time when the most sanguine hopes were entertained that she would have been removed from the perilous position in which she was flung, has been so severely injured that it is determined to abandon her. Her ill-fated companion, the Pennsylvania, during the blow of last night, was buried round to the northward and westward, and it is all but certain that this splendid packet is doomed to become a total wreck. Two barques, to which pilots had been despatched, are on shore near Hoylake.

From Liverpool papers, of Feb. 6.

PACKET SHIP OXFORD.

This fine vessel, the hull of which, though it lay for a whole fortnight on the sands of Bottle Bay, did not sustain any damage, is now in the graving dock refitting. She will not, however, be ready to resume her station until the 7th of March, when she will sail for New York. The packet-ship North America will sail on Thursday next, in her place. We have already noticed the skill and courage which Capt. Rathbone displayed during the hurricane in which his noble vessel was stranded. We have, therefore, very great pleasure in stating that the passengers by this vessel, from New York, have presented to Capt. Rathbone a handsome vase as a mark of their esteem. It bears the following inscription:

Presented by the cabin passengers, to Capt. John Rathbone, of the packet ship Oxford, from New York, as a token of their estimation of his skill as a commander, and conduct as a gentleman, throughout the voyage; particularly so during the gale of the 6th and 7th inst. when the vessel was driven from her anchorage and unfortunately stranded.

A provincial paper says that Sir Robert Peel will support Lord John Russell in his advocacy of a modification of the corn-laws.

Letters received in this city state that the Oxford will sail from Liverpool on the 18th of March.

The city of Bath was thrown into consternation on the 25th of January, by the tidings, which proved too true, that Mrs. Tugwell, the wife of the senior partner in the Bath Bank, had killed herself and two of her children, in a moment of insanity. She was but thirty-one years of age, amiable, accomplished, and universally beloved.

The murderer of Lord Norbury had not yet been discovered. A number of persons had been arrested on suspicion, but they were all discharged.

Mr. Staunton, the proprietor of the Dublin Register, has published an address to the readers of that paper, in consequence of a resolution brought forward by Mr. O'Connell, at a meeting of the Precursor Society, to withdraw its advertising from the Register. Mr. Staunton sets forth the cause of Mr. O'Connell's wrath upon the Register—the occasion of his furious attack upon the press which was simply the suppression of a paragraph, sent by Mr. O'Connell to the Register by way of post-preliminary to the dinner at which the attack was made, and the substitution therefor of another, more laudatory, but written in rather better English!

Mr. Staunton says farther that he was willing to forget the matter, and report the proceedings, but his reporters had assured him that if the report was published, they should all resign the next morning; and he concludes by declaring that under the circumstances he would not put such an affront upon them, to preserve the advertising of the Society, or the very existence of the paper.

A letter from Constantinople in the Times of January 29, states that McNeill, the British ambassador at the court of Persia, had again found it necessary to break off all communication with the government, and leave the capital for the Turkish frontier. The Shah is said to have manifested a spirit of the bitterest hostility to England; and a rupture between the two countries was regarded as inevitable. Many of the British merchants were preparing to leave Persia, in the confident expectation of hostilities. It was reported that the sale of British merchandise had been prohibited.

A memorial has been presented by the Queen in council, from the Chamber of Commerce of St. John's, Newfoundland, praying for the abolition of the House of Assembly, on the ground that its members are the nominees of the Catholic clergy.

The Duchess-Countess of Sutherland died on the 28th of January, in the 74th year of her age. On the same day died Sir Wm. Beechey, the artist, aged 86.

It is stated in one of the papers that Mr. Serjeant Wilde, being applied to by the Canadian prisoners for his professional assistance, was prohibited from acting for them by the government.

The publisher of the Times has been sentenced to a fine of 200*l.* for the libel on Sir John Conroy.

The government has set on foot an investigation, to ascertain whether the late rise in the price of wheat, &c. has or has not actually been caused by a deficiency in the crop.

THE CANADIAN PRISONERS.

The case of the Canadian prisoners was not yet decided. Our readers will remember that it was under discussion in two Courts—the Court of Queen's Bench and the Court of Exchequer—writs of habeas corpus having been granted in each.

In the Court of Queen's Bench the case was argued in part on the 28th; but on the 30th, Mr. Hill, counsel for the prisoners, informed the Court that proceedings were going on in the Exchequer, and, with his consent, the chief justice determined to postpone the further consideration until the decision of that court should be made. The argument in the Court of Exchequer was deferred until the next term.

FRANCE.

The ministry had not been re-organised, and in consequence of the crisis the King had prorogued the chambers, and dissolved the Chamber of Deputies. The new elections were to be held on the 2d of March.

M. Dupin had interviews with the King, previous to the prorogation, on the subject of forming a new ministry, but they appear to have resulted in nothing.

It is now declared that Count Mole and his colleagues will remain in office, their resignations not having been accepted by the King.

DISSOLUTION OF THE CHAMBER.

The Moniteur promulgates the following royal ordonnance:

"Louis Philippe, King of the French. To all present and to come, greeting.

"Considering article 42 of the Constitutional Charter—considering the law of the 19th of April, 1831—on the report of our Minister Secretary of State of the departments of the interior. We have ordained, and do ordain, as follows:

"Art. 1. The Chamber of Deputies is dissolved.

"Art. 2. The electoral colleges are convoked for the 2d of March next, for the purpose of electing each a deputy.

"The two electoral colleges of Corsica are convoked for the same purpose, for 6th March next.

"Art. 3. The Chamber of Peers and Chamber of Deputies are convoked for 26th March next.

"Art. 4. Our Minister Secretary of State for the department of the interior is charged with the execution of the ordonnance.

"At the Palace of the Tuilleries, Feb. 2, 1839.

(Signed) "LOUIS PHILIPPE.

(Countersigned) "The Peer of France, Minister of the Interior, MONTALIVET.

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

No events had yet taken place, resulting from the accession of France to the agreement of the protokolling powers. The news was received in Brussels with considerable excitement, and in the Chamber there was talk of war, &c. but France was pushing forward large bodies of troops to the frontier, and the general opinion was that the treaty would be fulfilled, without a cessation of peace.

For the Evening Post and Saturday News.

STANZAS.

How grateful to the weary mind,
Are rural sights and sounds,
Oh, who would not desire to dwell,
Where nature's charms abound.

'T is sweet to wander in the fields,
Or rest in garden bowers,
To listen to the hum of bees,
And view the expanding flowrets.

'T is sweet to ramble through the woods,
To view the stately trees,
Or sitting 'neath their shady boughs,
Inhale the fragrant breeze.

'T is sweet to walk 'neath shady bowers,
And in their cool retreat,
To while away the tedious hour,
In contemplation sweet.

'T is thus through nature I would rove,
And in her gladness share,
Forsaking all the busy world
I'd to her haunts repair.

For scenes like these expand the heart,
Sweet pleasures they diffuse,
Then let us seek the silent shade,
And nature's works peruse.

I.

Congressional Proceedings.

THURSDAY, Feb. 21.

SENATE.—Mr. McKean presented a memorial from sundry pilots of the river Delaware and shipmasters of the port of Philadelphia, in relation to the harbor of Chester, which was referred to the Committee on Commerce.

The bill to prevent and punish defaulters was taken up, and decided in the negative: Yeas 26, Nays 15.

HOUSE.—As soon as the House was called to order this morning, Mr. Prentiss, of Mississippi, presented a series of resolutions, with a preamble, calling in substance for a select committee to inquire if the publication that appeared in the Globe of yesterday, signed by Alexander Duncan, was written by a member of this House, and if so, to report if that member had not committed a breach of the privilege, and was entitled to be expelled from the seat he now occupies. By order of the House, Mr. Duncan's letter of yesterday was read, after which Mr. Prentiss made a long speech in support of the resolutions. Mr. Jenifer, of Maryland, followed, and was succeeded by Mr. Duncan, Mr. Menifee, &c. The debate was continued until a late hour.

FRIDAY, Feb. 22.

SENATE.—Was engaged in private business during the morning, and at 3 o'clock adjourned to attend the funeral of Mr. Weir, late doorkeeper.

HOUSE.—This morning, Dr. Duncan's case was again called up, and after Mr. Elmore, of South Carolina, had made a speech, a motion was made to lay the whole subject on the table, and it was carried by a vote of ayes 117, noes 94.

Mr. Naylor, from the Select Committee, made a majority report, and Mr. Mallory, of Virginia, made another for himself, all of which were adopted. They in substance arrived at the conclusion, that Commodore Elliott is entitled to an investigation, but that time is not now allowed for Congress to make any such kind of work.

SATURDAY, Feb. 23.

SENATE.—After some unimportant business, the bill reported two months since to provide for the security and protection of the emigrant and other Indians west of the State of Missouri and Arkansas, was taken up. The merits of the bill were warmly discussed by several Senators. It makes twelve sections, but the following will give all the important particulars, inasmuch as what remains is but a detail providing the ways and means for carrying the important provision into effect.

Be it enacted, &c. That the country bounded as follows: beginning at the sources of the Puncah river; thence down said river, to Missouri river; thence down Missouri river, on the southwest bank to the State of Missouri; thence along the western line of the State of Missouri, to the northwest corner of the State of Arkansas, to Red River; thence up Red River, to a point two hundred miles in a direct course west of the State of Arkansas; thence, in a direct line, to the beginning; to be denominated the Indian Territory, shall be, and the same is hereby, reserved for the use of the various Indian tribes who have or may have, a right to the same; and the faith of the United States is hereby pledged, that such parts of said Indian Territory as have been, or shall be granted, or ceded to any of the Indian tribes, are and shall be secured to them and their descendants; and the United States will cause patents to be issued to said tribes, *respectively according to the terms of such grants or cessions*; *Provided*, That the lands secured to any tribe shall revert to the United States when such tribe shall abandon the same, or become extinct: *Provided also*, That the United States shall have the right to make military roads through the same, and to occupy a sufficient quantity for military posts, and for the residence of such persons as shall be authorised to reside in the Indian country, in conformity with treaties and the laws of the United States: *And provided, also*, That no white person, either citizen of the United States or of any other country, shall be allowed to reside in the Indian Territory, under any pretence whatever, without the authority of the United States.

This bill, after a discussion between Mr. Linn, Mr. White, and Sevier, was ordered to be engrossed.

A bill was also ordered to be engrossed for the better organization of the Marine Corps.

The bill for the establishment of a Board of Claims was also taken up and ordered to be engrossed after a long discussion.

HOUSE.—Several Senate bills were put on their first reading with a view to their commitment.

Mr. Benton's bill for the Armed occupation of Florida, was taken up among them, and after a call of the House,

Mr. Robertson moved to lay the bill on the table. The yeas and nays being taken, were yeas 91, nays 94.

Several bills were reported to the House from the Committees and read. Among them was one in reference to the abolition of corporal punishment in courts over which the United States have jurisdiction.

The bill, after a discussion between Mr. Sergeant and Mr. Adams, was ordered to a third reading.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill making provisions for the Civil and Diplomatic Expenses of Government.

MONDAY, Feb. 25.

SENATE.—The Vice President, as usual, absented himself from the Senate this morning being the last week of the session.

Mr. King, of Ala. was chosen President pro tem. Mr. K. was led to the chair by Messrs. Knight and Benton, and upon taking the chair returned thanks for the honor conferred upon him, and promised a faithful, impartial performance of the duties of the place.

The bill relating to the Smithsonian bequest was laid upon the table. Mr. Calhoun said it was unconstitutional to receive the money, and it ought to be sent back.

Mr. Williams, of Me. asked leave to state to the Senate some facts in regard to the North Eastern Boundary. Many wrong impressions had gone abroad in regard to the *facts* of the case, which Mr. Williams said he wished to correct. Mr. Williams then stated *the facts* in regard to the treaty of 1783—the disputed line—the legislation of Maine—and the recent proclamations and decisions made by Maine and New Brunswick. After concluding his remarks upon the subject, Mr. Williams expressed some strong opinions in regard to the ground assumed by Great Britain. It could not be justified and would not be.

Mr. Walker made some remarks in reference to the National Intelligencer. He called the paper the organ of every foreign party in the country.

Mr. Davis thought it great folly to make war upon a newspaper in the Senate. A newspaper had a right to discuss any question it pleased and the Senate was hardly the place to comment on newspaper articles. Mr. Davis expressed himself strongly in favor of the rights of Maine.

Mr. Linn said he was glad Maine assumed the ground she had. But there was another tract of country in which Great Britain had been the aggressor by going beyond treaties and prescribed limits. Great Britain had become grasping, and had committed quite aggressions enough to be checked in her progress. It was a matter of serious inquiry whether the country ought not to make serious and determined opposition.

The subject was here dropped—a communication being expected from the President of the United States in reference to the Border Troubles.

HOUSE.—Mr. Jenifer, of Md. made a report and 5,000 extra copies are ordered to be printed, in reference to the Tobacco trade. The report contains a vast amount of valuable information.

The bill providing for the Civil and Diplomatic Expenses of Government was taken up in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

Mr. Slade moved an amendment to the bill proposing an appropriation of $2000 for a Commercial Agent at Hayti. The chairman of the Committee decided that the amendment was not in order, and the point of order has been discussed at length. Mr. Adams, Mr. Legare, Mr. Cushing, Mr. Tillinghast, Mr. and Howard several other members have taken part in the discussion.

...ening Post and Saturday News.

STANZAS.

...nal Proceedings.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA.

An attempt was made on Friday night, 22d ult. to force an entrance into the house of Mr. Whelan, in Third street opposite St. Peter's church. The rogues got into the area in the rear of the house, and made an attempt upon the window shutter, forcing the bolt. Fortunately one or two hooks fastening the shutter were beyond their reach.

The Philadelphia Sacred Music Society.—An act to incorporate an institution with this title has been reported in the House of Representatives, by Mr. Cassel, from the Committee on Corporations. The object of the society, it is stated, "shall be the cultivation of skill and diffusion of taste in sacred music, and the formation of a musical library."

Gen. Scott arrived in this city on Saturday, 23d ult. on his way to Washington to confer with the President, upon the difficulties on the frontier. He represents the people as in a high state of exasperation; saying that the feeling once confined to a few lawless persons on both sides, is now pervading the whole population, and that if 20,000 men more were wanted for a Canadian invasion, they could be collected in one hour.

The Philadelphia Library Company.—Mr. Butler, from the committee on education, has reported a bill to exempt from the payment of taxes, the hall and books of the Library company of this city, now located at the corner of Library and Fifth streets.

What Has Been Wanted.—A committee of seven has been appointed by the Maryland House of Delegates, to inquire into certain alleged abuses of their chartered rights by the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Wilmington Railroad Company, and the Union Line of Steamboats, by a consolidation of their stock.

Another attempt was made on Wednesday night to tear down the handsome brick wall, built up against the eastern end of the "ugly house," near the Exchange. The workmen were discovered a few minutes too soon or it would have been prostrated.

We have been favored from Galena, Wis. with a $10 counterfeit on the Harrisburg Bank. It appears the plate was originally engraved in New York, for the Kanawha Salt Company, but it appearing that the *best* credit did not attach to the concern, "The Harrisburg Bank" was inserted as a seemed institution of better credit.

NEW YORK.

James Cunningham, one of the crew of the ship Roscius, has been bound over in the U. S. Court, at New York, charged with making a revolt during her late voyage from Liverpool.

The Legislature of New York have refused to divorce Mr. David Frost from his wife Eveline. This it will be recollected, is the case where the wife, immediately after marriage, separated from the husband and has refused ever since, now some months, to live with him. A proposition to allow the husband, but not the wife, to marry again, was lost by only a few votes.

Settled at Last.—Mr. Darg's slave, Tom Hughes, has been convicted at New York of robbing his master of 8000 dollars. This is the case about which there was so much excitement a few months since.

EASTERN.

An ordinance of the city of Boston says that no man shall collect and carry off offal in any vehicle. John Fernall collected and carried off offal in a bucket. The court decided that a bucket was a vehicle, and John appealed.

The whale ship Columbus, arrived at New Bedford, with 3000 barrels of whale and 120 barrels of sperm oil, reports the Lucy Ann, Baker, of Wilmington (Del.) at or near New Zealand, October, with 900 barrels.

Animal Magnetism.—Monsieur Poyen has been giving lectures on Animal Magnetism, at Northampton, and exhibiting Miss Gleason somewhat after the old fashion. Some wags frightened Miss G. by discharging a pistol near her head, at the very moment she pretended to be in a profound magnetic sleep! And what is worse, an under sheriff—a widower—succeeded in running away with the fair impostor, and concealing her two nights in an adjoining county—much to the astonishment of Monsieur Poyen, who declares he never saw her magnetised in that way before.—*Boston Sentinel.*

The body of Mr. Robert Burrill, aged about twenty-five years, was stolen from its sepulchre, on Princes' Hill, in Barrington, R. I. on Monday night, the 18th ult.

It is proposed by the Massachusetts Legislature *not* to exempt firemen, *under* the age of 31 from militia duty.

WESTERN.

The Mormons.—A western paper states, that there are 44 Mormonites now imprisoned in Missouri. Six of them charged with treason, five with murder, four with being accessaries before and after the fact of the murder, and twenty-nine with the crimes of arson, burglary, robbery, and larceny.

Sidney Rigdon and Jo Smith were recently brought before a Justice of the County Court, under a writ of habeas corpus. After a hearing, Smith was re-committed, and Rigdon admitted to bail. He has since left the State. Rigdon, it is said, made an able defence before the court.

A public meeting was held in Cincinnati on the 16th ult. for the purpose of considering the propriety of petitioning the Legislature in relation to a free Banking System in that State. It is described as one of the largest and most respectable meetings ever held in Cincinnati.

Steamboat Disasters.—The Cincinnati Post of the 18th ult. says: The Coquette, on her way from that port to Pittsburgh, took fire and was burnt to the water's edge. The Victor, on her way up, was cut through by the ice and sunk. She had a cargo of pig metal.

An outrage of a most atrocious character was perpetrated in Massillon, Ohio, on Sunday evening, the 10th ult. A Miss Wells was returning from a conference meeting alone late in the evening, when she was seized by two ruffians, who struck her several blows, which rendered her insensible and prevented further resistance to their violence. Miss W. has been insane most of the time since.

The report of the Attorney General of Michigan, exhibits 23 injunctions against banks the past year whose circulation amounts to rising eight hundred thousand dollars.

A resolution has passed the legislature of that State, declaring it expedient to abolish or reform the Free Banking Law, as it exists there.

SOUTHERN.

A bill to incorporate a company for Atlantic Steam Navigation, is now before the Louisiana Legislature.

Not Guilty.—It is learned from the Nashville Whig, that in the case of General Jackson's Negroes, charged with the murder of Donalson's Frank, the jury returned a verdict of *not guilty.*

The Cherokees.—The last of the emigrating Cherokees arrived at Little Rock on the 24 ult. Among them is the celebrated chief, John Ross, who buried his wife at that place the day after their arrival. Nine deaths occured since the commencement of the journey.

The steamer Alert from New Orleans for Tuscumbia, burst her steam pipe near Princeton, on the Mississippi, by which three men were scalded, one of whom afterward died.

More Victims.—It is stated in the New Orleans Advertiser that in that city, on the 13th ult. a man named Thos. McLoughlin with two others, drew the bung out of a barrel of whiskey, and drank to such an excess as to cause his death. The Coroner returned a verdict of death produced by the immoderate use of ardent spirits. Another of them was carried to the hospital, with scarce a spark of life remaining—it was the general opinion, he would not survive. The third, who did not drink so freely as his companions, was able to go to his home. It appears they extracted the liquor with a tube, and drank it in "its purity."

A skirmish took place in Alachua recently, between the Indians and Capt. Smith's company, in which three whites were killed and sixteen wounded.

Gold Mine in Mississippi.—It is stated in the Manchester Whig, that J. W. McKinstry, Esq. in his researches for a history of the State, has discovered a gold mine in the immediate vicinity of Manchester. The ore obtained is pronounced of a very rich quality, and the vein is thought to be large.

Edward Henry, eldest son of Mr. Zadock Henry, of Berlin, Md. was killed on Saturday morning last, by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting. The entire charge entered under his chin, and as he was accustomed, when standing, to rest his chin on the muzzle of his gun, it is supposed he was in that position when the gun by some unaccountable accident was discharged.

A reward of $500 is offered in the New Orleans Bee, for the apprehension of Thornton K. Gannett, late a clerk in the Citizens Bank of Canton, Miss. who subsequent to his discharge, had been suspected of embezzling $5060 in the notes of the bank. Gannett is described to be about 22 or 23 years of age, fair complexion, light hair, about five feet 10 inches in height, and had previously borne a fair and reputable character.

Virginia Senator.—The General Assembly of Virginia, on Saturday last, agreed indefinitely to postpone the election. The resolution for postponement passed in the House of Delegates, by a vote of from 70 to some 40 or 50, and in the Senate by a majority of 19.

Notes of the Merchant's Bank of New Orleans, altered from five to fifty dollars, are in circulation in that city.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Deserved Compliment.—We learn with pleasure that a resolution has passed both Houses of the Delaware Legislature, directing the presentation of a sword to Colonel Samuel R. Davis, a testimony of his gallantry and services in defending Lewistown when attacked by a British squadron under the command of Sir John P. Beresford, in the spring of 1813.

The Eclectic Review mentions that there are between twenty and thirty Unitarian members in the House of Commons, England, but "only one solitary member, (Mr. Baines) is recognised as ranking with the Evangelical Dissenters."

A very intelligent writer in the National Intelligencer has written upon the subject of the probable increase of population in the U. States, and in his remarks he comes, and fairly we think to the conclusion, that in 1840 we shall have a population of at least 17,153,333,—in 1850, a population of 30,434,860,—in 1870, a population of 40,659,840, and 1880, a population of 54,313,490.

The salary of the British Ambassador at Paris is $60,000 per annum, besides perquisites. Yet such is the vice regal dignity maintained at his splendid hotel that he is obliged to spend in addition the income of a large private fortune.

The Legislatures of Maryland and Delaware have passed laws to enable Botanic Physicians to charge and receive compensation for their services and medicines in the same manner as other physicians are permitted to do.

Red Ants.—A small bit of camphor laid in any place infested by these troublesome insects is said to cause them to make a precipitate retreat.

An inquest was held at St. Thomas's Hospital on the body of Wm. Perry, aged 27, who, while in the act of going along the roof to visit his sweetheart at a house four doors from his master's house, fell a distance of 70 feet, and was so much injured as to expire on the following day.—*London Paper.*

Apples.—The exportation of apples from this country to England is getting to be quite an extensive business. Within the fortnight ending January 16, there were received at London from New York, 480 barrels, and at Liverpool 746 barrels. Our fine juicy Newtown pippins are in high favor with the English lovers of fruit.

A man travelling from St. Louis, in order to hasten his journey, booked himself "Amos Kendall." Accordingly it was wispered from one driver to the other that the Postmaster General was among the passengers, and, of course the mail carriers made their wheels revolve with double their usual velocity, and "Mr. Kendall," reached the end of his journey much sooner than he would under his own cognomen.

More Executions.—The Oswego Palladium of the 20th ult. says:—"We learn from Kingston that Col. Heustis, of Watertown, one of the Prescott prisoners, was executed on Friday last. Also, that one of the prisoners, a deserter from the British army, was shot on the same day."

Paganini has recovered his health, and at the last dates was at Marseilles. He still talks of a trip to the United States.

The proprietors of the packet ships that ply between New York and England, have reduced the fare from $140 to $100. The former price included wines, the latter does not. Those who need no wine, and desire none, will thus not be compelled to pay for the two or three bottles a day.

The steamboat Pawnee, Capt. Carlisle, from St. Louis for New Orleans, got aground about a fortnight ago near the Grand Tower. The boat will be a total loss, but much of the cargo has been saved.

The general banking bill before the legislature of New Jersey, has been referred to the consideration of the next legislature.

Bishop Smith, in a long letter to the Hon. R. Wickliffe, says it has been ascertained that there have been from thirty to forty homicides in Kentucky annually for three years past, and not a single execution.

The amount of capital employed in the various departments of manufacturing industry of Great Britain is 204,773,879*l*, and the produce from the same 262,085,199*l*.

The Glasgow Courier records the horrible detail of a shoemaker, McKinnis, who murdered a deaf and dumb sister, "to save her from want."

Phenomenon.—The great earthquake at Martinique and the subsidence of the water and appearance of a fissure in the lake of St. Louis occurred within a few days of each other. The Charleston Courier thinks it probable that they were effects of one and the same cause.

Murder in Canada.—The body of a Mr. Tasche, the seigneur of Kamouraska, was found a little below Quebec, with a bullet hole through the head, on the 3d ult. It seems that he received his death wound at the hands of a Dr. Holmes, of Sorel, with whom his wife had been engaged in maintaining a guilty connection.

GOING AHEAD.

Read the following from the Hartford Courier:—"It is stated that a Mr. Jobard, of Brussels, has invented a new method of travelling, which is likely to put steam out of countenance. The apparatus consists of a light boat it which are inserted tubes filled with a pyrotechnical composition, somewhat similar to that which propels a rocket. By applying fire to these tubes, which extend beyond the boat's stern, a velocity is acquired which will be "a caution" to railroads. It is estimated that the Straits of Dover may be crossed in eleven minutes, and that the propelling power for such a voyage will cost about eighteen dollars. The march of improvement is onward, sure enough. Baron Munchausen's story about being shot across the Straits from a cannon's mouth, will soon be no Munchausen story at all."

TEXAS.

The steam packet New York, arrived at N. Orleans on the 15th ult. in 40 hours from Galveston. The mail-bag, in consequence of the lateness of the hour when the vessel arrived, was not sent to the Post-office, consequently the news is verbal. The republic was quiet. Gen. Rusk had returned to Clarksville from the frontier, where he had gone in pursuit of the Indians and Mexicans. They escaped him. The editor of the Bulletin obtained from a passenger papers of the 8th ult. There had been a great storm.—Congress had adjourned. The seat of Government is to be located somewhere on the banks of the Colorado. It was thought that Gen. Rusk would accept the office of Chief Justice of the Republic.

AN ATROCIOUS ORDER.

The following atrocious notification was recently issued as a general order, by a wretch named Palillos, acting in the province of La Mancha as one of the generals of Don Carlos.

"Every father, mother, brother, and relative to the fourth degree, of those now serving in the ranks of the rebels, who may fall into the hands of my troops, shall be immediately put to death. This article comprises all individuals whose relatives shall serve as peceteros, or what is called "national volunteers," and finally every man armed against our legitimate Sovereign, Don Carlos, and his imprescriptable rights."

THE SLAVE CASE.

The Recorder on Tuesday gave judgment in the case of Calcita, the slave who was brought here from Porto Rico. His Honor decided, that according to the constitution of the United States, and the laws of the state of New York, all slaves brought into this state from any foreign country, become *ipso facto* free, the moment that they land here. And that the laws which authorise the slave-holding states of this Union to bring their slaves, and hold them to labor here for the space of nine months, do not apply to the slaves brought here from any foreign country.

After his Honor had given this decision he caused an interpreter to inform Calcita that she was no longer a slave, but free, and might leave her master or remain with him, and stay in this country or return to her own, just as she choose.

Calcita in reply said that she had a husband and parents in her native land, and was determined to remain as her master's slave and return to her own country.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

ADVICE.

Would a man wish to offend his friends?—let him give them advice. Would a lover know the surest method by which to lose his mistress?—let him give her advice. Would a courtier terminate his sovereign's partiality?—let him offer advice. In short, are we desirous to be universally hated, avoided, and despised, the means are always in our power. We have but to *advise* and the consequences are infallible. The friendship of two young ladies, though apparently founded on the rock of eternal attachment, terminated in the following manner:—"My dearest girl, I do not think your figure well suited for dancing; and, as a sincere friend of yours, I *advise* you to refrain from it in future." The other naturally affected by such a *mark* of sincerity, replied, "I feel very much obliged to you, my dear, for your *advice;* this proof of your friendship demands some return: I would sincerely recommend you to relinquish your singing, as some of your upper notes resemble the melodious squeaking of the feline race." The *advice* of neither was followed—the one continued to sing, and the other to dance—and they never met but as enemies.

Humor.—A dash of humor is never so pleasing as when it occurs in the midst of a serious strain, as the green spots scattered on the Alps delight the eye from their contrast with the snow and ice around them.

FROM THE FRONTIER.

From the Portland Advertiser.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

State House, Augusta, Monday, Feb. 18, 1839.

The following message from the Governor was sent to the House by the Secretary of State:—

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

Since my last communication to you upon the subject of the trespassers upon the public lands, there has been forwarded to me a Proclamation, purporting to have been issued by the Lieut. Governor of the Province of New Brunswick, which I deem it my duty to communicate to you, with a statement of my proceedings consequent thereon. By this proclamation it seems that while the Lt. Governor disavows any authority from his government for the seizure of the Land Agent, he yet speaks of the attempt of the civil authorities of this State to drive a band of armed trespassers from our public lands as "an outrage," and an invasion of the territory of the Province of New Brunswick, and avows the fact of having ordered "a sufficient military force" to repair to the place where the Land Agent's party are endeavoring to execute your resolve of the 24th Jan. and to repel what he thus regards as an invasion of the Province of New Brunswick. Immediately upon the receipt of this extraordinary document, I took measures to hasten the departure of the reinforcement of the Land Agent's party, understood to have been assembled at Bangor, awaiting orders, and numbering between four and five hundred—and also issued an order to Maj. General Isaac Hodsdon, of the 3d Division, to detach one thousand men by draft or otherwise, properly officered and equipped, who were to rendezvous at Bangor, and then proceed at the earliest possible moment, to the place occupied by the Land Agent's party on or near the Aroostook river, there to render such aid as would enable the Land Agent to carry into effect the resolve of the 24th Jan.

I also despatched a special messenger, with a communication to Major Kirby, of the U. States Artillery, commanding at Hancock's Barracks, Houlton, informing of the facts, and asking his co-operation with the troops under his command, with the forces of this State, in repelling an invasion of our territory, and sustaining our citizens in the lawful and authorised protection they are endeavoring to extend over a portion of the property of the State.

If these proceedings on my part meet the approbation of the Legislature, and an appropriation be made for the purpose, I shall feel it to be my duty to proceed forthwith to order a draft from the Militia of at least ten thousand men, who will hold themselves in readiness to march to the frontier should circumstances require it.

I have not yet called upon the President of the United States for aid in repelling the invasion of our territory by foreign troops, deeming it proper to postpone that step until the return of Captain Rodgers, from his special mission to Fredericton, or at least, until some information shall be received from him, which will probably be as early as the 20th or 21st inst. If, however, you should think otherwise, and that no delay should be allowed for this purpose, an intimation to that effect will be promptly obeyed.

If I have not entirely mis-conceived the circumstances of the case presented for your consideration, it is one calculated to excite the deepest feelings in the breasts of our citizens, and calls for the most prompt and determined action on the part of this government. What is that case? You were informed that a large number of armed and desperate men, from a neighboring province, formed themselves into the territory of this State, with a fixed purpose of cutting a vast amount of timber, and of resisting even unto blood any attempt to arrest them, in the prosecution of their unhallowed object. Deeming it your duty to make an effort to protect the interests of those, who had confided them to your care, you instructed the Land Agent to proceed to the scene of devastation and plunder, with a sufficient force to arrest those who were engaged in it, and to break up their daring and wicked enterprise.—While in the act of executing this order, the Land Agent was seized, transported beyond the bounds of the State, and finally carried upon a *sled*, like a felon, and under the guard of Provincial troops, to the Capitol of New Brunswick for trial. Could a greater indignity be offered to any nation having a particle of sensibility to its rights and its honor, or to the sacredness of the personal liberty of its citizens? It is true that the Lieutenant Governor denies that the original seizure was by authority. But at Woodstock the magistrates took cognizance of the affair—sanctioned the proceedings, by issuing a warrant, (acting undoubtedly under the authority of the proclamation,) and sending our citizens under an ignominious escort to Fredericton. Really, if there be any apology or justification for this treatment of our citizens, it is not to be found in any code of international honor or comity, with which I have been acquainted. Not only this, but it seems that a military force is sent into a part of the territory of this State to expel from it a civil force sent there by this Government for the protection of its property. How long are we thus to be trampled upon—our rights and claims derided—our power contemned—and the State degraded? If there ever was a time when the spirit of independence and self-respect should arouse itself, that time is the present. We cannot tamely submit to be driven from our territory while engaged in the civil employment of looking after and protecting our property without incurring a large measure of ignominy and disgrace.

No palliating circumstances for this outrage can be found in even a pretence that the place where it was committed is within the concurrent jurisdiction of the two Governments: much less that the British Government have had exclusive jurisdiction. Lands even higher up, and beyond this were surveyed and granted by the State of Massachusetts more than thirty years years ago. And Massachusetts and Maine have long been in the habit of granting permits to cut the timber on the Aroostook lands without being, to my knowledge, molested from any quarter, to say nothing of the sales and actual occupation of the land itself.

It must be gratifying to all who have a true sense of the honor and interest of the State, to perceive that, upon this subject the din of party warfare is hushed—and that a unanimity has prevailed alike honorable and patriotic. No interruption to this commendable spirit I trust will be suffered. Union and good feeling—no less than prudence and energy—are absolutely necessary in this extraordinary emergency.

JOHN FAIRFIELD.

Council Chamber, Feb. 18, 1839.

Since writing the foregoing, I have received a communication from the Lieut. Governor of the Province of New Brunswick, in which he sets up an alleged agreement that the British Government should have exclusive jurisdiction and possession of the disputed territory, until the question be settled—and informs us that he is instructed not to suffer any interference with that possession and jurisdiction. He entreats us to withdraw the Land Agent's party, and adds that he has directed a strong force of "Her Majesty's troops to be in readiness to support Her Majesty's authority, and protect Her Majesty's subjects in the disputed territory in the event of this request not being immediately complied with."

In regard to all this, I have only to say that, for one, I see no reason to doubt the entire correctness of the course we have thus far pursued, and that with the blessing of God, I trust we shall persevere.—No such agreement as that alluded to by the Lt. Governor can be recognised by us—and it is an entire misapprehension, to say the least of it, that such an agreement has ever been made. The letter having been written before Mr. McIntire reached Fredericton, no official communication is made as to the course intended to be pursued in regard to him; I learn, however, indirectly, that they are to be retained.

I am informed that the Land Agent's party have stationed themselves for the present at the termination of the Aroostook road. While there, Mr. McLaughlin, the Provincial Land Agent, presented himself, and, in the name of Her Majesty, warned our party to disperse. Mr. McLaughlin and his two assistants were therefore taken into custody, and the Agent with one assistant immediately sent to Bangor, where they are now detained.

Copies of the Proclamation and letter of the Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick, are herewith communicated. JOHN FAIRFIELD.

After the message had been read, Mr. Allen, of Bangor offered the following Resolve:

STATE OF MAINE.

Resolves for the protection of the Public Lands.

Resolved, That the honor and interest of this State demand that a sufficient military force be forthwith stationed on the Aroostook river, west of the Boundary line of the State, as established by the Treaty of 1783, and on the river St. John if found practicable, at such points as may be best adapted to the object, to prevent further depredations on the public lands, and to protect and preserve the timber and other lumber already cut there, by trespassers, and to prevent its removal within the limits of the State.

Mr. Delesdernier moved to amend by adding the following Resolve, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the sum of eight hundred thousand dollars be and hereby is appropriated, for the purpose of enabling the Executive to carry out the purposes of the foregoing Resolve, and the Resolve passed Jan. 24, 1839—that the Governor be, and hereby is, authorised with the advice of Council, to draw his warrant for the same from time to time as it may be needed for that purpose.

The question, on the passage of the resolution to be engrossed, was taken by yeas and noes, and decided unanimously in the affirmative—yeas 150, noes none.

Mr. Sheldon, of Gardiner, introduced the following Resolve:

STATE OF MAINE.

Additional Resolve respecting trespassers on the Public Lands.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested forthwith to communicate to the President of the United States, the measures recently adopted by the State of Maine in relation to trespassers on the public lands of the State, and also, copies of the correspondence between the Governor of New Brunswick and the Executive of Maine in relation to these measures, together with any information in his possession relative to the subject, and to request the aid of the general government in support of the rights of the State of Maine.

The passage of this Resolve to be engrossed was taken by yeas and nays, and decided unanimously in the affirmative.

The following is the communication from Sir John Harvey to Governor Fairfield:

Government House, Fredericktown, New Brunswick, February 13, 1839.

Sir,—I have just heard with the utmost surprise and regret, that without the courtesy of any previous intimation whatever to this Government, an armed force from the State of Maine has entered the territory, the claim to which is in dispute betwixt Great Britain and the United States, and which, it has been agreed betwixt the two Governments, shall remain in the exclusive possession and jurisdiction of England, until the claim be determined.

It has been my duty on more than one occasion, to apprise the Executive Government of Maine that my instructions do not permit me to suffer any interference with that possession and jurisdiction, until the question of right shall have been finally decided in discussion betwixt the two Governments.

With the knowledge of these instructions, thus explicitly made known, I cannot but repeat the expression of the deep regret which I feel, that instead of seeking their recal or modification, through the Presidential Government, the State of Maine should thus have forced upon a subordinate officer, the alternative of either failing in his duty, by abstaining from the fulfilment of the commands of his Sovereign, or, by acting up to them, placing the two countries in a state of border collision, if not the two nations in immediate and active hostility.

Such, nevertheless, is the position in which I find myself placed by this overt act on the part of the State of Maine, one from which I do not hesitate in entreating your Excellency to relieve me, by ordering the immediate recall of forces whose presence within the precincts of the territory as claimed by England, it is contrary to my instructions to permit; and it is proper that I should acquaint your Excellency, that I have directed a strong force of her Majesty's troops to be in readiness to support her Majesty's authority, and to protect her Majesty's subjects, in the disputed territory, in the event of this request not being immediately complied with. With regard to any other plea for those proceedings on the part of the State of Maine, connected with timber spoliations in that territory, I have to inform your Excellency, that I have given directions for a boom to be placed across the mouth of the Aroostook, where the seizing officer, protected by a sufficient guard, will be able to prevent the passage of any timber into the St. Johns in the spring, or to seize it and expose it to public sale, for the benefit of the "disputed territory fund."

Similar precautions will be adopted in regard to any timber cut upon the upper St. Johns, or the tributary streams falling into it.

Awaiting anxiously your Excellency's reply to this communication,

I have the honor to be your Excellency's most obedient, humble servant. J. HARVEY.

LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

To the Senate and House of Representatives;

I transmit to the two Houses copies of several documents received from his Excellency the Governor of Maine, on the 18th and 19th inst. They relate to the trespass committed upon the public lands—the property of Maine and Massachusetts—by hands of plunderers associated in large bodies, for the purpose of carrying on their operations without interruption. The measures taken by Maine to enable her Land Agent to put a stop to these depredations, and the purpose of resisting these measures by military force, announced by the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, will appear from the papers communicated. The course adopted and menaced by the local authorities of New Brunswick, has led the Legislature of the State of Maine to the adoption of vigorous measures for the protection of the public property, and the defence of the agent employed in removing the depredations.

Among the papers transmitted by Gov. Fairfield, is a copy of the Resolve of the House of Representatives of the 18th inst. requesting the aid of Massachusetts in the measures adopted by Maine relative to the trespasses on the public lands. The opinions and feelings of Massachusetts on the great questions connected with the North-Eastern Boundary, have been so often set forth in the public acts of her Legislature and executive, that they do not need to be repeated.

The Land Agent of the Commonwealth has at all times efficiently co-operated with the Land Agent in Maine, in all the measures for the protection of the public property, which fall within the scope of the ordinary duties of those officers. I had the honor in my address to the Legislature at the beginning of the session, as on more than one former occasion of the same kind, to call the attention of the two Houses to the ruinous extent of the depredations committed on the public lands in that region. The rightful sovereignty and government of the territory belongs exclusively to Maine. Massachusetts has no jurisdiction over it, and possesses only an interest in the moiety of the soil. For this reason no further steps on our part have been deemed within the competence of Massachusetts, to maintain her rights in the territory, which forms the subject of the controversy so long protracted between the Government of the United States and Great Britain. Should a state of things unhappily arise, in which the Government of the United States shall call upon Massachusetts for her assistance in asserting the rights so long and so injuriously withheld, I am persuaded that the call will receive a prompt response from the Legislature and the people.

Signed, EDWARD EVERETT.

Council Chamber, Feb. 20, 1839.

From the New York Evening Post.

As the difficulties on the frontier are assuming a more formidable aspect, we have gathered from various sources a succinct account of the history and merits of the dispute. The district which is now called Maine, at that time included in a portion of the province of Massachusetts Bay, was acknowledged by the King of Great Britain as "a free, sovereign and independent state" in the Treaty of Peace of September 3, 1783. The second article of that treaty defines the boundary line between the United States and the possessions of Great Britain. It says, "It is hereby agreed and declared that the following are and shall be the boundaries of the United States, to wit:

"From the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, to wit, that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix river to the highlands, along the said highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the St. Lawrence from those that fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the north-western most head of the Connecticut river."—Again, further on, it says, "East by a line to be drawn along the middle of the river St. Croix, from its mouth in the Bay of Fundy to its source directly north to the aforesaid highlands which divide the rivers that fall into the Atlantic Ocean from those which fall into the River St. Lawrence."

The attempt to ascertain the line indicated by those words, has given rise to the whole dispute. British authorities place "the north-western angle of Nova Scotia" at Mars Hill, about forty miles north of the source of the St. Croix, and then run the line in a south-westerly direction, through the region enclosed by the valleys of the St. John and Penobscot rivers. The United States claim that the line beginning at the source of the St. Croix runs about one hundred miles north, across the St. Johns to the source of the small streams emptying into the St. Lawrence. The land in dispute contains about 6,000,000 acres, nearly one-third of the State of Maine, for the most part uncultivated but abounding in forests thought to be of great value.

It is remarkable that the boundary claimed by the United States, has been recognised on several successive occasions by the acts of Great Britain, first in the proclamation of 1765, establishing the province of Quebec, and afterward in the various commissions issued to the Governors of that province. There can be no doubt that the lines designated had a definite and certain existence.

This is confirmed by official admissions made by Great Britain before her present claims were asserted in 1814 at the treaty of Ghent.—When a joint commission under Jay's treaty in 1795 proceeded to fix the source St. Croix, the British commissioner in several instances, acknowledged as well known and unquestionable the very limits which the Americans now assign. British pamphlets, published before the treaty of Ghent, admit the justness of our title, and insist upon "the importance of *changing* the line and obtaining *accession* of this territory;" and accordingly the British agents at Ghent suggest "such a variation of the line of frontier as may secure a direct communication between Quebec and Halifax." Up to this period the case was clear. But Great Britain subsequently finding it to be her interest to run another line, made the whole matter a subject of long negotiation, which was referred in 1827 to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands. That monarch, confused by the multiplicity of conflicting statements or from some other cause, awarded, a kind of compromise which the Senate of the United States in 1832 decided was no decision of the case submitted to him and of course not binding upon the States.

The negotiations which have since taken place are replete with all the subtlety and special pleading of diplomacy. The British Government re-asserted its claim to the whole territory, in the communication of December, 1835. The plan proposed by Mr. Livingston, then Secretary of State, was a new and thorough survey of the whole face of the country. After many propositions and demands from both sides, a new joint survey was agreed on in 1838, with the understanding that both governments may adhere, if they please, to the respective interpretations which have been given to the various treaties. So far, then, as the negotiations of the general government and Great Britain are concerned, the business is no nearer its termination than it was many years ago. But the ground which Maine last year assumed, presents it as one of immediate practical importance, likely to involve the Union in war, unless brought to a more desirable issue by the justice of the adverse power. In March, of 1838, that State determined, (should the Federal Government not appoint a commission of survey by September of the same year,) to make such an appointment of her own authority, and carry it into effect at all risks. Whilst the decision is pending, there has hitherto existed a tacit agreement of the two governments that both shall abstain from acts of exclusive jurisdiction over the disputed territory.

That such is the fact is evident from the following extracts:

Mr. Livingston, in his communication dated July 21, 1832, remarks—"Until this matter shall be brought to a final conclusion, the necessity of refraining on both sides from any exercise of jurisdiction beyond the boundaries now actually possessed, must be apparent, and will no doubt be acquiesced, in on the part of His Britannic Majesty's Province, as it will be by the United States."

In reply Sir. Charles R. Vaughan says, "he is further to assure Mr. Livingston that his Majesty's Government entirely concurs with that of the United States in the principle of continuing to abstain, during the progress of the negotiation, from extending the exercise of jurisdiction within the disputed territory beyond the limits, within which it has been hitherto usually exercised by the authority of either party."

It will be perceived, however, that Sir John Harvey declares that he has been instructed to maintain exclusive jurisdiction over the territory in dispute.

LATER.

Extract of a letter dated Bangor, February 21.

"Orders have been issued to establish Expresses from Bangor to Houlton, and the camp, on the Aroostook, by which we shall receive the earliest intelligence from the seat of war.

"Old Massachusetts awake!—It is rumored that Governor Everett has written to governor Fairfield, making an offer of 10,000 men, to be on their march in a week, and money if wanted.

"1000 men of the Kennebeck Division, are ordered to march to Bangor on Sunday next.

"The General Orders have been issued to draft 1000 from the 3d Division, in addition to the 1000 now on their march from this city. The new draft will be minute men, to hold themselves in readiness to march."

The following is the draft of the militia throughout the State, ordered by the Governor:—Cavalry, 74—Artillery, 451—Riflemen, 548—Light Infantry, 1,752—Infantry, 7,481—Total 10,340!!

MOVEMENTS OF THE BRITISH TROOPS.

The following we extract from the St. Johns, (N. B.) Chronicle of the 15th ult:

"We have just been informed that orders were received here last night from Head Quarters, to send up all the disposable troops, artillery and 36th Regt. from the garrison; the garrison at Fredericton having marched for the Upper Country. The Town Major is to proceed to Head Quarters as Quarter Master General, and the whole will proceed to-morrow morning. The gallant militia we expect will be again called upon to perform garrison duty."

LOVE, LAUDANUM AND LOCK-JAW.

A young mustachioed exquisite, who occupied lodgings at the Athenaeum hotel yesterday morning, attempted to "shuffle off" his "mortal coil" by taking two ounces of laudanum. He was attended by Drs. Moore and J. Kearney Rogers, who, with emetics, hot water and stomach pump, introduced with the assistance of several prying instruments, such as door-key, fire-poker, &c. relieved him from his state of betweenity, and saved him the trouble of reporting himself at present at the court of Pluto.

It seems that the subject of this story was blessed by his mother, with the name of D'Young, and is in fast, a private in the corps of tailors but had cut cabbage, discarded goose and determined to go his *death* on *cold* slaw; but having some particular reasons of his own for so doing, adopted the more romantic and euphonious cognomen of Randolph. He had some love passages with a fair Hebrew, daughter of a respectable sexton, and in a fine moonlight night, promised marriage. Repenting his pledge, he sought to escape to Philadelphia, but failing in his purpose, he took a leap for Erebus, hoping to give the father of his love a job, but Esculapius, strange to say, stepped out of his ordinary course, and nabbed him for a continued detention here.—*N. Y. Sunday News.*

A NOVEL OYSTER BED.

When the frigate Constellation was taken into the Dry Dock, in Charlestown, on Saturday last, her bottom was a sight to behold, being entirely encrusted with a coat of oysters from stem to stern, the average size of which was about equal to those that are usually sold for half a cent. There was scarcely a vacant space of the size of one's hand on the entire copper under light water mark. The oysters were mostly single, but we counted a number of clusters containing from six to eight, and sometimes more. This frigate has been absent about three years on the West India station, where she unquestionably acquired these unwelcome appendages. Large quantities of eel grass were likewise attached to the oysters, hanging down in spires of from one to three feet long. The workmen say they never saw so foul a bottom. She is of a beautiful model, and when clean and in good trim, must be a fast sailer.—The wonder is how she sailed at all.—*Boston Transcript.*

SANTA ANNA.

The National Intelligencer gives the following account of the *ups* and *downs* of that plaything of chance—Santa Anna.

"What a chequered life has his been! First distinguishing himself in public life (in 1821) as the supporter of Iturbide; then in arms against him, and chiefly instrumental in his fall, and in procuring the adoption of the Federal Constitution; in a year afterward, attempting and failing to obtain the title and power of Protector of the Republic; then for five years living in retirement, out of public employ; re-appearing in 1828, on the news of Pedraza's election to the Presidency, raising the standard in favor of his opponent, Guerrero; then defeated, driven to the mountains, and outlawed; recalled almost immediately, and placed at the head of the army sent out to oppose him; then (in April, 1829,) made Secretary of War and Commander-in-Chief of the Army; in that capacity repelling and conquering the ill-digested Spanish invasion under Baradas; soon after, driven from office with the President Guerrero; again in arms, driving Bustamente from power, then succeeding to the Presidency of the Republic, and, whilst President, in the midst of a successful military career, beaten, captured, and held prisoner by the Texans; released by them, repairing to Washington, and sent home in a public vessel of the United States; there coldly and repulsively received; retiring to his farm for two years; called from it to head an army to resist the invasion of the Mexican Territory by the forces of France; in a gallant sally, losing his leg, and almost his life; and hey, presto! by another sudden revolution of things, again President, and in effect, Dictator, of the Mexican Republic!

In England a plan is said to be in agitation to establish tramroads by the side of the turnpike-roads, capable of competing for all ordinary purposes, with rail roads, and at an infinitely smaller expense as well as risk. The plan is said at this time to be in operation at Llanelly, in Wales. The cost, it is said, would be £1350 per mile.—Thus, tramroads might have been made to Birmingham for £146,000, while the railroad has cost £6,000,000.

UNIONVILLE ACADEMY.

THE trustees of the Unionville Academy take pleasure in announcing to the public that they have engaged the services of Jonathan Gause as Principal of the Institution, from the 1st of the 4th month next. His extensive literary attainments and long experience in the instruction and government of youth are well known, having been engaged as Principal of an Academy or Boarding School for more than twenty-five years. The Trustees have been personally and intimately acquainted with him for many years and for the information of those at a distance, are willing to state that they have entire confidence in his talents and qualifications. As a Teacher, he has been very successful; his pupils being found in many parts of the Union filling high and important stations. They therefore recommend him to those interested as being well qualified for the station he is about to assume.

The Academy is situated on a fine eminence in a flourishing and healthy village, surrounded by a well cultivated district of country, and in the midst of a moral and intelligent population.

In addition to the regular course of English Literature, the Latin, Greek, French, and Spanish languages will be taught. For the terms, &c. we refer to his advertisement.

THOMAS SEAL, LEVI HAYES, WILSON BUFFINGTON, PETER WICKERSHAM, CHARLES BUFFINGTON, } Trustees.

Unionville, Chester Co. 2d mo. 26, 1839. mar 5—3t

THE NATIONAL SILK WORM,

AND

PHILADELPHIA RURAL INTELLIGENCER,

INTENDED to disseminate in cheap and popular form all manner of valuable information on the subject of the cultivation and production of AMERICAN SILK. All useful and suitable intelligence will also be given in relation to the VINE, and the raising of the SUGAR BEET, with other matters of interest, Prices Current in each of the principal cities, Bank Note List, &c.

Two separate Committees of the Congress of the United States, and eighty nine members of the House of Representatives, from nineteen different States, having, after careful and mature investigation, avowed their settled conviction that the climate and soil of the country is fully equal to that of any in the world, it only remains for our farmers and citizens generally to enter with spirit into the *Silk Culture*, to save the twenty-five millions of dollars per annum that has been sent out of the country in payment of Silk, and to make the new branch of industry a source of individual emolument and National wealth.

[*From the Public Ledger.*]

"The National Silk Worm is the title of a neat superb royal paper just commenced in this city by Thomas C. Clarke. It will be a complete compendium of practical instruction in every thing relating to the culture of Silk from the raising of the Mulberry to the weaving of the fabric. The first number contains a large amount of valuable reading matter and several good wood cuts, illustrative of the different species of the Mulberry, and the various stages of the Silk Worm's growth."

Terms.—The price of the Silk Worm and Philadelphia Rural Intelligencer" is $1 per annum; but in order to secure the co-operation of all who feel an interest in the promotion of the Silk business in this country, a deduction of one half will be made to any individual who may take the trouble to procure not less than ten subscribers, and remit the cash for the same. Address

THOMAS C. CLARKE, *No. 66 Dock Street, corner of Third, Philadelphia,* Agent for the Philadelphia and Burlington Silk Company.

feb 23—3t*

ALMANAC.

MARCH, 1839.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
2 Saturday,	6 24	[illegible]	[illegible]	
3 Sunday,	6 22	[illegible]	[illegible]	
4 Monday,	6 21	[illegible]	[illegible]	D. H. M.
5 Tuesday,	6 19	[illegible]	[illegible]	
6 Wednesday,	6 19	[illegible]	[illegible]	Last 6 9 31
7 Thursday,	6 17	[illegible]	[illegible]	New 15 9 23
8 Friday,	6 16	[illegible]	[illegible]	First 22 0 25
9 Saturday,	6 15	[illegible]	[illegible]	Full 29 7 10

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives	10 7 5 A. M.	Eastern closes at	5 P. M.
Southern,	3 to 5 P. M.	Southern closes at	1 A. M.
Western,	9 & 7 P. M.	Western at	2 P.M. & 4 A.M.

CHANGE OF HOUR.

Athenian Institute Lectures, Saloon of the Musical Fund—Professor HENRY D. ROGERS will lecture before the Athenian Institute and Mercantile Library, on Tuesday evening, March 5th, 1839, at 7½ o'clock, on "The Pleasures which attend the cultivation of Science and Literature."

*** Fifty tickets, price fifty cents, may be obtained at the Philadelphia Library.

No money will be received at the door.

MARRIAGES.

On the 18th ult. by Rev. Joseph Linand, William S. Wilkinson, of Wilmington, Del. to Harriet, daughter of the late Charles Paxon, of this city.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Cahill, Mr. Wm Downs, to Miss Esther K. Smith, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by Rev. Dr. Cuyler, Mr. Charles E. Benade, to Miss Margaret E. daughter of Col John L. Woolf, all of this city.

On the 24th ult. at St. Joseph's Church by the Rev. T. T. Barbelin, Mr. Charles Victor Emile Petit, to Mad'elle. Marie Josephine Stegan, both of France.

At Germantown, on the 21st ult. by Rev. P. Keyser, Mr. Geo. Wise, of Philadelphia, to Miss Rachel L. Douglass, of the former place.

On the 21st ult. at St. Andrew's church, by the Rev. John A. Clark, Mr. Edwin Boyd, to Miss Mary Bryan, both of this city.

On the 11th ult. by the Rev. Jno. L. Grant, Mr. Wm. Ross Raker, to Miss Rosanna Bishop, all of this city.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Dey, Nichs. K. Anthony, of New York, to Margaret R. daughter of Gideon Scull, Esq. of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Brainard, Mr. John E. Tree, to Miss Martha Fox, both of this city.

DEATHS.

In Pittsburgh, on the 21st of Jan. after a severe illness of three days, (at the residence of his father, Mr. Mathias J. S. O'Conway,) Mr. Ignatius Vincent O'Conway, dentist, late of Philadelphia, in the 30th year of his age.

On the 26th ult. Mary Ann Clark, in the 19th year of her age.

On the 26th ult. Mary, wife of Wm. Binder, in her 73d year.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Harriet Walker, relict of the late Matthew Walker, in the 65th year of her age.

At St. Croix, on the 22d of Jan. Edw. Jinkens, a native of Philadelphia, belonging to the schooner John Allyne.

Also, at the same place, on the 30th of Jan. Capt. Woods, of New Bedford, late of the brig Abigail, of Richmond.

On the 21st ult. at the residence of his uncle, (Curwen Stoddart, 282 north 2d st.) Arnold Baker Fahnestock, in the 23d year of his age, son of George Fahnestock, of Lancaster, Pa.

On the 20th ult. Joseph S. Purves, in the 26th year of his age.

At Matanzas, Cuba, on the 3d ult. in the 46th year of his age, Lewis Shoemaker Consul of the United States, for that port.

At Lambeth, near London, on the 29th of Dec. in the 54th year of her age, Mrs. Rachel Dupuy, formerly of this city.

On the 22d ult. Peter B. Aldt, in the 21st year of his age.

On the 22d ult. Romanna E. daughter of John and Jane P. Kiehl, in the 5th year of her age.

On the 22d ult. after a severe illness, Capt. James McCawley, of the Marine Corps.

On the 22d inst. of Catarrh fever, Mary Elizabeth, infant daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Summers, in the 5th month of her age.

On the 23d ult. in the 54th year of her age, Mary, wife of Mr Isaac Shunk.

On the 24th ult. Mr. Charles Cook, aged 34 years.

On the 27th ult. of scarlet fever, William Isherwood, son of Henry and Ann Elizabeth Bloxam, aged 2 years and 3 days, and on the 9th ult. Charles, infant of the said parents, aged 4 days.

On the 26th ult. David McAllister, of N. Carolina, a student of medicine in the Jefferson Medical College.

On the 27th ult. Sarah H. infant daughter of Jas. and Sarah H. Maull.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Eliza Cecill Parker, in the 23d year of her age.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, on the 18th of February, at Bordentown, N. J. after a short, but severe illness, Mrs. Lydia S. Mott, relict of John Mott, deceased, in the 69th year of her age. The deceased attached herself to the Episcopal church in the year 1817, since which time up to the hour of her dissolution she has been a consistent, zealous, and exemplary christian, and while her relatives and friends mourn her departure, they have the consolation to believe that she has exchanged a world of trials and afflictions for one of endless joy and felicity. Her suavity of manners, and amiable and affectionate disposition endeared her to all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

☞ Agents will please endorse their letters, and Post masters frank in *full*. To constitute a *frank*, it is necessary to write the name of the Post Master in full, and the word "free" also.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Feb. 23, received from		Jas. H. Burrough, Geo. V. Hoyle, Benj. Nickles, }	5 00
A. M. Campbell,	2 00	John H. Humbert, nett	1 81
L. P. Tinker, Esq.	2 00	John Fisk,	2 00
Benj. Machall, Esq.	2 00	Joseph Paxton, Esq.	2 00
John Gregg, Esq.	2 00	Jabez Briggs, Esq.	2 00
Isaac Reynolds, Esq.	4 00	S. Drucs, Esq.	2 00
Charles Stevens, nett	2 30	A. Dudley, Esq.	2 00
postage 50 cts.		Henry J. Morrison,	5 00
Feb. 23,		Geo. W. Chase,	5 00
Patrick Sloan,	5 00	Feb. 27.	
James Blake,	6 00	Chas. N. Olmstead,	2 00
D. Sefford, Esq.	6 00	Jos. Chatham, Esq.	2 00
John G. Miller,	5 00	Adam Peters,	10 00
Samuel S. Bunting,	7 00	R. D. Callihan,	6 00
Geo. Prevost,	2 00	J. D. Witheringham,	2 00
James Stuart, Esq.	2 00	T. T. Cole,	5 00
Feb. 25,		H. B. Williams, Esq.	10 00
Mrs. D. Martin, nett,	70	Jos. J. Lawson, Esq.	2 00
on act. post. & dis. 30 cts.		Alex Purdy, Esq.	2 00
Jacob Van Ness,	4 00	M. Russell, Esq.	6 00
Thomas Atkinson,	4 00	Hubbard Bartlett, esq.	2 00
W. A. Pierce, tr. agt.	30 00	Chas. R. Mosher, Esq.	2 30
W. B. Brannon, Esq.	5 00	Feb. 28.	
Henry Dederich, esq.	1 00	Geo. Beck,	5 00
Merlin Merrill, Esq.	3 00	W. B. McCullough, esq	2 00
Newell Kennon, esq.	2 00	James McLallen, esq.	1 00
David Turner, Esq.	6 00	Alfred Avery, Esq.	3 00
G. W. Ellis, Esq.	2 00	Wooster Downie esq.	2 00
Glover Sandford, esq.	2 00	J. J. Bush, esq. nett,	3 96
Feb. 26,			
D. M. Seiger,	2 00		

LIST OF UNPAID LETTERS, remaining to our address in the Post Office:—

From Bedford, Ind. Feb. 18; from King and Queen Ct. H. Va. Feb. 22.

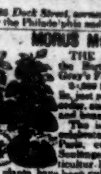
Reported for the Evening Post and News.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday,

Shares			price sold for.	par
105	shares	United States Bank,	116 a119	100
200	do.	Girard Bank,	51½a51¾	50
115	do.	Mechanics Bank,	52½a52¾	50
103	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	48¾	50
3	do.	Farm. & Mech. Bank,	68	50
1	do.	North America Bank,	404½	400
25	do.	Western Bank,	52¾	50
50	do.	Planters Bank, Miss.	96	100
393	do.	Kentucky Bank,	89½a89¾	100
110	do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	94a95	100
236	do.	Com. & R. R. do. Vicks.	79½a80¼	100
40	do.	Trenton Banking Co.	38	50
308	do.	Vicksburg Bank, Miss.	79a80	100
73	do.	Girard Trust,	25	25
100	do.	Mec. & Tradesmen's Loan Co.	18	20
185	do.	Phil. Wilm. & Balt. R. R.	55½a56	50
50	do.	New Castle & F. Town,	34¾	25
4	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	126	100
80	do.	Reading R. R.	45	50
80	do.	Stonington R. R.	35	100
17	do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	90½	50

MORUS MULTICAULIS.



THE Subscriber offers for sale at the Bartram Botanic Garden, near Gray's Ferry,

5,000 fine trees of Morus Multicaulis, just received from France, in good order, and 40,000 young plants, in pots and boxes.

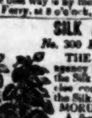
The imported trees are from the celebrated nursery at Fromont, near Paris, conducted by the Chevalier Soulange Bodin, Secretary of the Horticultural Society of Paris, and the young plants have been cultivated in this Garden. The whole are warranted to be of the finest variety of the Morus Multicaulis, and will be sold at moderate prices. They can be packed in mats or boxes, with moss, so as to be sent to any part of the United States in perfect safety. ROBERT CARR.

☞ Samples of the trees may be seen at the Black Bear South Fifth, near Market street.

Persons desirous of visiting the garden, are informed that the best way is by the Wilmington Rail road cars to Gray's Ferry, at 8 o'clock, A. M. mar 2—3t

SILK AGENCY,

No. 300 Market Street.



THE subscriber has commenced an agency for the purchase and sale of the Silk Mulberry Trees, and all articles connected with the growing of the Silk.

MORUS MULTICAULIS TREES.

A few thousand Morus Multicaulis Trees and Cuttings, just received, of the growth of New Jersey, fresh, and in good order. Also, a few ounces of Silk Worm Eggs. For sale by CHARLES CADWALLADER. mar 2—1f

FOR SALE OR TO BE RENTED.

A WATER Power, with suitable buildings, and twelve acres of land.

It is situated eight and a half miles from the city, on the Second street road.

It has been heretofore used as a Cotton factory and fulling mill and has been long known as the property of John Kinsey. Apply to J. O. EWING, mar 2—6t* No. 23 South Eighth Street.

WETHERILL AND BROTHER,

MANUFACTURES, No. 65 North Front street, Philadelphia, offer for sale

White Lead, dry and ground in oil,	Copperas,
Red Lead,	Oil Vitriol,
Orange Mineral,	Aqua Fortis,
Sugar Lead,	Muriatic Acid,
Litharge,	Sulph Morphia
Chromic Green,	Acetate do.
Chromic Yellow,	Sulph Quinine,
Blue Vitriol,	Refined Camphor,
	Calomel, &c. &c.

Together with every Chemical article in their line, all of which, being made by themselves, are confidently recommended to their customers and to the public generally, whose orders they will apply for any quantities required. feb 23—3m

NOTICE.

THE Office for Regulating and Adjusting Weights and Measures, for the city and county of Philadelphia, is located at No. 46 North Thirteenth street, between Market and Arch. The following extract from the Acts of Assembly is published for the information of all concerned.

28th Section—"And if the said makers, venders, or proprietors of beams, scales, weights and measures, shall find it inconvenient to have them adjusted and sealed, or for any other cause, the said beams, scales, weights and measures, shall not have been adjusted and sealed when said regulator attends, they shall be required to bring them to his office before using them, and have them adjusted."

29th Section—"That in case any maker, vender or proprietor of beams, scales, weights or measures, within the city and county of Philadelphia, shall neglect or refuse to comply with the requisitions, which the Regulator of the weights and measures of the city and county is authorised and directed to make, by the 28th section of this Act, or shall sell by false beams, such person or persons so offending, shall for each and every such offence, forfeit and pay the sum of five dollars, which may be sued for and recovered as debts, as the like amount are by law recoverable, for the use of the poor of the City, District or Township, in which such fine shall have been incurred." JOSEPH YEAGER, R. W. & M. feb 23—3t

JUST PUBLISHED.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR. ON MARRIAGE—Its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications Medically considered, with an Exposition of the Structure and purposes of the Re-productive System; the hereditary transmission of qualities, and the accidents and infirmities incident to *Youth, Maturity* and *Old Age.*

The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams. By Wm. YOUNG, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c.

Amongst the numerous Medical and Surgical Works of the day, we consider that written by Dr. Young, on Marriage, to be worthy of the highest encomiums, and justly deserving the serious attention of all those persons who may unfortunately happen to be afflicted with the maladies which form the subject of this very interesting publication. The luminous views taken of these diseases, together with the important warnings against excesses, entitle this pamphlet to great praise, and we may add as a further recommendation, that it is written with much delicacy and morality.—*Sunday Morning Atlas.*

Printed for the Author and sold by booksellers generally.

☞ Persons at a distance can have this publication sent (free of charge) to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, addressed to Dr. YOUNG Philadelphia. dec 15—3m

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE,

A PLEASANT, safe, and certain preparation, for the removal of WORMS, DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, FEVER AND AGUE, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility, especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, and ORGANS OF DIGESTION.

This Vermifuge is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It effectually destroys Worms; neutralizes acidity or sourness of the stomach, increases appetite, and acts as a general and permanent tonic, and is therefore exceedingly beneficial in intermittent and remittent fevers, indigestion, &c. and is almost a certain cure, for FEVER AND AGUE of children, and what is of more importance, it does it permanently.

It not only destroys Worms and invigorates the whole system, but dissolves and carries off the superabundant slime or mucous, so prevalent in the stomach and bowels of children, more especially of those in bad health. This mucous forms the bed or nest in which Worms produce their young, and by removing it—it is impossible for them to remain in the body.

It is harmless in its effects on the system and the health of the patient, is always improved by its use, even when no Worms are discovered. Numerous certificates of its usefulness have been received, but for want of room will not be published here; yet to give the reader an idea of its Vermifuge powers, the proprietor will mention a few cases. He gave it to his little nephew, not four years old, and in a few days he discharged upwards of ninety large Worms. He also gave it to his little daughter, then about three years old, when it brought away thirty Worms in one night.

Josiah Thompson, near Salem, N. J. administered this Vermifuge to a child, between two and three years old, and says that in a few days, she discharged *one hundred and twenty-seven very large Worms.*

Mr. Joseph A. Lentz, of the Penn Township Savings Institution, in this city, gave it to one of his children, and says that after the sixth dose, it brought away about fifty Worms at once, five and six inches long.

Mr. Ferdinand Woodruff used two bottles of this Vermifuge for DYSPEPSIA, and in the course of two weeks discharged upward of thirty pieces of TAPE-WORM, and was thereby perfectly cured of his Dyspepsia.

Another gentleman of this city had it administered to his little daughter, about three years old, when she had a number of discharges from her bowels, composed entirely of *little white thread worms*. He says "they came away from her, not only by hundreds, but, I may truly say, by *thousands*, separately and in solid balls as large as hickory-nuts, composed entirely of dead worms."

Finally, what the public have long desired, a medicine of this kind, which might be depended upon, is now offered to them, and can be had of DOCTOR JAYNE, and all Druggists who sell his Expectorant and Carminative Balsam. feb 8—tf

THE CHINESE COLLECTION,

At the corner of Ninth and George streets.

WILL BE OPEN TO VISITORS, DAILY,

(SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.)

FROM 10 O'CLOCK, A. M. UNTIL 9 P. M.

Until Further Notice. jan 19—6m*

JUST PUBLISHED,

LITTELL'S Spirit of the Magazines and Annuals. Contents of the No. for January.

Oliver Twist, (concluded)—Lord Durham's Return—Zicci—Fardorougha—Mountain Memories—Nicholas Nickleby—Rambles in Canada.

Published monthly by E. Littell & Co. 279 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. feb 16—tf

CHEAP BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

WHOLESALE and Retail, South West corner of Fourth and Race streets, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO (successors to Clark & Lippincott,) respectfully inform the public that they keep constantly for sale a large and general assortment of THEOLOGICAL, MISCELLANEOUS, and SCHOOL BOOKS, also, a handsome assortment of plain and fancy STATIONERY, CUTLERY, &c. BLANK BOOKS of various sizes, suitable for banks, public offices, and merchants, always on hand, consisting of Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Cash Books, Receipt Books, Bill Books, &c. together with a general supply of Letter, Cap, and every other description of paper and Law Blanks. Paper ruled to any pattern. Book-binding executed at the shortest notice. feb 26—6m

DYSPEPSIA! DYSPEPSIA!!

MORE TESTIMONIALS of the EFFICACY of Dr. Wm. Evans's CHAMOMILE PILLS.

Philadelphia, Dec. 20, 1838.

Sir—Being on a visit to Philadelphia, from my native village of Germantown, I joyfully avail myself of the opportunity of adding a few words of recommendation of your CELEBRATED PILLS, to the abundant testimony already given in their favor. About four years ago, I was attacked with DYSPEPSIA, and for several years suffered from that complaint in its worst stages.—Notwithstanding I tried every thing that came before the public, I obtained no relief, till I accidentally saw your advertisement. From the numerous and respectable testimonials which accompanied it, I had some faint hopes that your medicine might not prove altogether useless in my own case. I tried it, and it is scarcely necessary to add was shortly cured. Indeed the success was greater than I could possibly have anticipated from even the warmest recommendations. As a small return for the benefit you have bestowed, I send you this acknowledgment of my thanks and the deep sense of obligation under which I feel myself toward you.—Having implicit confidence in the efficacy of your CHAMOMILE PILLS, and feeling it due to my fellow sufferers, I would warmly exhort all who may be dragging on their existence under the influence of the scourge of the human family, Dyspepsia, to lay aside their early prejudices against such remedies, and apply to you, that they may receive a speedy and permanent restoration.

I still reside in Germantown, though I frequently visit the city, and will willingly give any further information that may be desired.

Most gratefully yours,

feb 9—tf T. B. WILLIAMS.

Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1838.

To Dr. Wm. Evans—Dear Sir—I am truly happy to write you this, in token of thanks, for the relief they have given me—I mean the CHAMOMILE PILLS.—About two years ago I was much troubled with DYSPEPSIA. My symptoms were very alarming. I was continually subject to fainting, great weakness, no rest at night and not able to eat any thing, if I did it was sure to be thrown up. I could not keep any nourishment in my body. I at last gave up all hope and told my physicians, that I could have no use for them—I must die, and I said, "as there is no use in paying any more doctor's bills." About a month ago, a cousin of mine came to see me, after talking awhile about my sickness, I told him I had taken almost every medicine that was spoken of as good for my complaint. He said, "Have you tried Dr. Evans's CHAMOMILE PILLS?" I said "No." Well, he then gave me a package he had bought the day before for his wife, and said he would get another one for her. I commenced taking the pills and am happy to state, that in two weeks I was hearty and well, and able to write this letter, which I could not have done when I was sick, because my hands were nervous. I have written this in pure gratitude to you. I hope you will publish this and let it be known. I would publish it myself, but I am very poor and not able to pay. In publishing it, I think you will gain an advantage, for I am well known among all those of the trade I am in, and too many of them, I fear, are now near death's door, for want of some proper medicine to cure Dyspepsia. I remain yours, &c.

GEORGE C. MARTIN.

☞ The above medicine is for sale at the Medical Office and General Depot, No. 19 North EIGHTH Street. feb 9—tf

DR. WM. EVANS'S CELEBRATED

CHAMOMILE TONIC and FAMILY APERIENT PILLS, for Dyspepsia, Nervous Diseases, prostration of nervous and vital energy, Liver Complaints, and all weakness and derangement of the Digestive Organs.

GENERAL OFFICE, No. 19 North EIGHTH street, Philadelphia.

AGENTS.—Jas. Scott, Wilmington, Del.; Rev. John Packworth, do. do.; John Wind, Lancaster, Pa.; Jesse Kerns, West Chester; Fred. Axe, Germantown.

Philadelphia Agents—Wm. Stevens, 245 North Third street; Benjamin Bown, north west corner Shippen and George streets; Mrs. Laycock, 30 Chesnut street; Mrs. Parker, book store, Kensington. The above celebrated Medicine can be obtained in every country town throughout the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio, &c. Vide advertisements. feb 9—tf

CHILDREN TEETHING.

TO MOTHERS AND NURSES.—You are well aware that there are thousands of those little ones that you so dearly love, who are daily hurried into an untimely grave, from that distressing malady, Convulsions, which almost every infant falls a prey to at the time of dentition; therefore, you who are Mothers, and have the care of those little ones, should apply Doctor EVANS'S celebrated SOOTHING SYRUP, for INFANTILE TEETHING, which has preserved thousands, when thought past recovery, from that destructive ravager. For sale at the Medical Office, No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia. feb 9—tf

NO. 8—NORTH EIGHTH STREET.—NO. 8.

DR. BRANDRETH'S OFFICE.—For the exclusive sale of his Vegetable Universal Pills, which have always proved themselves of the greatest service to mankind, and which neither the envy of individuals, or the wanton attempts of paid Editors to malign, have been capable to injure their high reputation.

Benjamin Brandreth's Assertion.—"If ever man spoke truth, if ever he was actuated by motives of usefulness to his fellow citizens, I am, when I say, that "simple purgation" will prevent chronic inflammation and premature death. I do not assert this lightly. I have seen these means used for many years with the most complete success. And if Brandreth's Pills are used (the genuine and only true made by me) this result will universally be experienced. Other medicines may have the same effect,—other medicines may be made equally well with mine—I wish it to be understood that I, Benjamin Brandreth, use my Pills made myself and know they have the POWERS on DISEASE which I ascribe to them."

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITERS and of those who use my advertisements to sell their medicine, which nevertheless may be good, but remember, "Wolves wear Sheep's clothing sometimes."

From American Newspapers.—The New York Sun says:—Brandreth's Pills have been used among many of our friends, and in our own family we have used them nearly four years when we required medicine; in that period, no doctor save Dr. Brandreth has crossed our threshold, and no medicine beside the Doctor's Pills used. Our belief is, "keep your bowels and blood pure," and every kind of disease will be prevented or cured. The Brandreth Pills are eminently calculated to do this, and thereby much lessen the sum of human misery.

The New York Evening Star says:—Brandreth's Pills are a medicine which their own intrinsic worth will always secure for them a large and ready sale.—They have deservedly a high reputation; and as a family and antibilious remedy it would be difficult to equal them among all the patent medicines of the present day.

The New York Commercial says:—They remove all morbid humors and purify the blood.

☞ "To the whole Family of Man.—We feel both pleasure and satisfaction in recommending to all our readers, Brandreth's Vegetable Pills, as the most certain, most safe, and invaluable medicine extant.—As anti-bilious and Aperient Pills, we are perfectly convinced they stand far above all others as a certain cure in all cases of worms, scurvy, scorbutic humors, erysipelas, and all affections of the skin, dropsy, asthma, stone, gravel, piles, and lumbago, they will be found invaluable."—London Times.

The New York Transcript says of Brandreth's Pills.—One of our carriers some time since gave notice that he was not able to attend to the duties of his situation, in consequence of violent pains in his back and side. We recommended him not to despair, but to use these Pills. He did so, and they cured him perfectly.

Pills purchased from Druggists can never be relied upon as Genuine Brandreth's.

The Certificate.—Every Agent of Dr. Brandreth's has an Engraved Certificate of Agency, done at great cost to secure the public from fraud, and observe the date is also engraved.

This Certificate is renewed every year—therefore, when over twelve months old it no longer guarantees the genuineness of the medicine. All Pills having Wm. Brandreth on the label, or Joseph Brandreth, or Geo. Hodgkinson, are not manufactured by the subscriber, and he will not be answerable for the effects they may produce.

The high character of the Genuine Pills needs no comment; and they may be always had at my own offices in the following cities.

Principal—241 Broadway, opposite the City Hall, New York.

Philadelphia—12 Chesnut and 8 North 8th sts.
Boston—19 Hanover st. (only place in Boston.)
Baltimore—80 South Charles st.
Richmond, Va.—195 Main st.
Albany—Corner of Green and Hudson sts.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—120 Wood st.
Louisville, Ky.—99 Fourth street.
St. Louis, Mo.—204 Market st.
New Orleans—3 Old Levee.
Montreal—43 Notre Dame st.
Cincinnati, Ohio—119 Main st.
Charleston, S. C.—70 Meeting st.

These Offices are for the exclusive sale of the Brandreth Vegetable Universal Pills, and are sold at the uniform price of 25 cents per box, with full directions.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
No. 241 Broadway, N. Y.

Sole Proprietor of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills in the United States of America.

SUB AGENTS.

John Shaffner, Lancaster, Pa.
Wm. Bell, Harrisburg, Pa.
Geo. W. Hitner, Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pa.
Benj. Zeigler, York, York county, Pa.
Wm. Gilmore, Chambersburg, Pa.
Jesse Kerns, West Chester, Chester county, Pa.
Keim & Stichter, Reading, Berks county, Pa.
Samuel Yardley, Doylestown, Bucks county, Pa.
John Smith, Lycoming county, Pa.
Geo. Reynolds, Wilmington, Del.
Daniel Fenton, Trenton, N. J. jan 26—6m

WANTED,

A WHITE boy of about 14 years old, as waiter in a small family. The best reference as to honesty, &c. will be required. Apply at No. 17 Church Alley. feb 26—3t*

THE OLIO.

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

A PARODY.

They're all my fancy painted them
They're lovely, they're divine!
But they're destined for another's mouth,
They never can be mine!
I love them as man never loved,
Yet dare not touch or take;
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking
For the love of Buckwheat Cake!

The dark brown cake to hold upon
A piece of spotless white;
And the eye of him who tastes it,
Now flashes with delight.
The cake was buttered not for me,
Of it I can't partake;
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Buckwheat Cake!

I've revelled at the pastry cook's,
But I have ate my last;
If I can't get cake, I will have corn,
My eating days are past.
And when the grass and weeps my grave,
They'll say who pity take,
"Oh! his heart, his heart was broken,
For the love of Buckwheat Cake!"

The Maine Legislature has granted a divorce to Col. Ebenezer Coon, and his wife, Mary Ravan. The Colonel is on the wrong side of fifty, while the bride has but just passed the right side of twenty!

For this divorce, the only excuse
That wisely could be taken,
Fair Mary said—the cant was proved,
And then she saved her Bacon!
Can any blame the youthful dame,
Who gave the coon a job?
When all the corn is shelled and gone,
Say—who could keep the cone!

John, why did you whistle? said a pedagogue to a little urchin during school hours. "I did'nt wissel, Sir—it wissled itself!"

"What are you thinking about?" asked one loafer of another. "Thinking on—this electioneering to be sure." "What's that to you?" "They say they give away liquor and I'se dry."

"Why are you running about in the snow, Thomas, without your shoes and stockings?"—inquired a kind father of his son. "Because sir," answered the urchin, "the shoemaker hasn't mended my shoes according to his promise, and I want to show proper resentment."

There is a barber in Cincinnati so imbued with the principles of Gall and Spurzheim, that instead of trimming his customers heads, he only examines them. If he performs this operation on the CREDIT system, he must have a LIVELY time of it frequently.

A portrait of Dickens, by Lawrence is coming out. A wag says he must be popular in Turkey; else why have they the Boz-for-us (Bosphorus.)

The Vevay Times is a poet.—Here is his latest effusion:
There's naught in this wide world or valley so sweet,
As—a good apple-dumpling with lasses on it.

PHRENOLOGY.—Dr. Combe says, "if two persons with brains of the same size and shape, the one of sanguine, the other of nervous temperament, have business at a distance, the first will walk and do it personally, through love of corporeal as well as mental exertion, and the second will attend to it by sending a letter. The sanguine temperament will sooner walk a mile than write a letter of three lines. The nervous will sooner write a letter of three pages, than walk across the street."

A tradesman wrote to a HARD customer as follows—"Sir, your bill for dry goods has been standing a long time, by settling it you will much oblige,
Yours, &c. T. S."
To which he received the following laconic reply—"Mr. S——, when the bill you speak of is tired of STANDING, let it SIT DOWN.
Your's, &c. G. L."

EPIGRAM,

SUGGESTED BY ONE OF T. CAMPBELL.

England, whence came each glowing hue,
That streaks you flag of, "meteor" light—
The streaming RED,—the deeper BLUE,
Crossed with the moonbeam's pearly WHITE?
The BLOOD and BRUISE,—the BLUE and RED,—
Let Asia's groaning millions speak!
The WHITE,—it tells the color fled,
From starving Erin's pallid cheek!

"What is the matter Martha?" said the mistress of a family, to a girl scouring up the kitchen floor, and whose under lip obtruded much in the style of an old fashion under-dresser. "Jim is always putting a double 'instruction' upon every thing I say," responded Mopsey.

A member of the legislature the other day introduced his speech to the house thus "About two thousand years ago, if my memory serves me."

A SARCASM DEARLY PAID FOR.—During the battle which took place on the landing of the English in Bretaigne, in 1758, the French commander, the Duke d'Aiguillon, ensconced himself in a mill, out of harm's way. As the victory resulted to the French, one of the Duke's friends said he had covered himself with glory. "Rather say with flour," replied La Chatalais, a distinguished lawyer. This witticism cost its author many long years confinement, as a state prisoner in the castle of Loches.

The fittest qualities for society are politeness without falsehood; candor without rudeness; preventing the desires of others without abasement; complaisance without flattery; regard without constraint; and above all, a heart inclined to good.

Cato said, "The best way to keep good acts in memory, is to refresh them with new."

Our affections and our pleasures, says a modern writer, resemble the fabulous trees described by St. Oderic—the fruits of which are no sooner ripened to maturity than they are transformed to birds and fly away. The same idea is far more beautifully expressed by a certain poetaster, who says—

"I never had a piece of toast,
Particularly good and wide,
But fell upon the sanded floor,
And always on the buttered side."

If you intend marrying for love, pay your addresses to the lady herself; if legacies, court those who are to leave them; and if for connexion, court the whole family.

GUILT.—Guilt, though it may attain temporary splendor, can never confer real happiness. The evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor. The paths of virtue, though seldom those of wordly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

PRUDENCE.—It should always be our study honestly to acquire articles of real utility for necessary and praiseworthy purposes; and further, in the hey-day of life, we ought to reflect on the feebleness of age.

IMAGINATION.—"What is imagination?" inquired an illiterate individual the other day of a youthful poet. "Gazing steadfastly," replied the bard, "on a naked wall, and viewing Paradise!"

The following "flight of fancy" is the language of unassisted nature, from the tongue of the hero of a debating club—"Yes, Mr. Chairman, I do not believe there is a man, woman, or child, in this house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years and upwards, but what has felt this truth thundering through their brains for centuries."

SNUFF-TAKING.—The fashion of snuff-taking is said to have been first introduced by a lady, no less a one than the celebrated Catharine de Medicis. We shall ever think better of the habit hereafter, though, gallantry asserts, we think it is the last one that should have been invented by a lady.

CHEAP.—A tradesman in the country tendered an account in which was the following item; and, considering the job, his charge was certainly moderate: "To hanging wikets and myself, seven hours, five shillings and sixpence."

LOOKS.—When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a visage, and the owner of it thinks it an aspect of dignity, he must be of very great quality to be exempt from raillery. The best expedient, therefore, is to be pleasant upon himself.—*Steele.*

CHEAP FISH.

The following rich scene of "life in London," occurred at the Mansion House:—

A man, named Wm. Reynolds, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged by Mr. Goldham, the clerk of Billingsgate-market with having stolen four large plaice.

Green, one of Mr. Goldham's men, stated that as he was on the look-out at an early hour, he saw the prisoner "cutting along," among the vessels at Billingsgate, and he observed that when the man came ashore, he appeared to be very uneasy about the seat of his breeches. As fellows who infested the market were in the habit of thrusting stolen fish into their lower garments, witness had no doubt that the prisoner had a supply next to his skin. He accordingly got into conversation with him, and made him sit down upon a brick, when it was immediately seen that he had stolen goods about him, for they were quite alive in his breeches.

The Lord Mayor.—What! the fish were alive in his breeches? Green.—Yes, please your Lordship; these four fine plaice, as lies dead afore you, was alive this morning about his body.

The Lord Mayor.—Why, is it possible that he could have had them in his breeches? Green.—Next his precious skin, my Lord; I draw'd 'em out myself. People that trades so don't wear no shirts, so the fish slips in and out easy. (*Laughter.*)

The Lord Mayor.—And is there much robbery in this way? Green.—Much! Please you, my Lord, there aint a nobleman's table in London that aint had fish upon it out of the breeches of one of these rascals, and they always cribs the best. They won't take any of your gut-splitters. After all I have seed, I am ashamed to have a bit of fish put upon my table. It's horrid blasphemy to think of a genteel lady putting her knife into any thing as comes out of such a fellows' breeches. (*Laughter.*)

The Lord Mayor.—But the thing is quite incredible.

Mr. Goldham.—It is the fact, my Lord. The mud-larks, as fish-stealers of this description are called, can, with the quickness of Grimaldi, dispose of any article about their persons. They call this mode of concealment putting on their fouls from the great increase of size it gives them behind. (*Laughter.*)

The Lord Mayor.—Well, as your man says, Mr. Goldham, it is curious enough to think of the transfer of a fish from such a place to a nobleman's table.

Green.—Its dreadful, please your Lordship, and these villains thinks nothing about it; they laugh at it. I'd have sich fellows hanged without judge or jury, for stowing away vat's fit to be grubbed up by any baronight, or Duchess, in their breeches. It was only the other day I runned after a fellow as had a werry large bustle, and just as I come up to him, I'm blessed if he didn't of a sudden, let fly half a bushel of viting out of it.

The Lord Mayor.—Well, prisoner, what have you to say to this extraordinary charge? Prisoner.—Please you, my Lord, I'm werry deaf. I can scarce hear a word, God help me.

The Lord Mayor (in a loud voice.)—Where did you get the fish that lies before you? Prisoner.—Thank you, my Lord. I'll take it home to my vife, and I'll cook it as some cheap coals I bought, according to your Lordship's advice.

The Lord Mayor.—Come, come, this nonsense won't do. I shall send you to Bridewell. You are a common thief.

Prisoner.—Please you, my Lord, I tried 'em over and over again in my own parish, but the relieving officer vouldn't do nothing for me, because your Lordship wasnt there to serve him out.

Mr. Goldham.—Now, Reynolds, you had better answer the question. Where did you get this fish? The Lord Mayor wishes to have it restored to the boat from which it was stolen.

Prisoner.—Then, as I'm a living man, I can't tell nohow how they got into my breeches. If I know'd they vos there till your man pulled 'em out afore my two eyes, I hope I may go blind of one of 'em.

The Lord Mayor.—Mr. Goldham, I hope you have not many persons like this to deal with? Mr. Goldham—Too many, my Lord. I trust you will convict this man under the Bumboat Act, for having the fish in possession without being able to account for it.

Mr. Hobler.—You can do that, my Lord; and it will be a judgment upon him, for he hid his plunder in his breeches.—(*A laugh.*)

The Lord Mayor.—Prisoner, I commit you for three months. I think that will teach you not to put other people's fish in your breeches. What do you think yourself? Prisoner.—Vy please you, my Lord, as the lawyers say, you must ax that of the tenant in possession.—(*Great laughter.*)—Committed.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

We have often heard of the long time it has taken to decide a game at chess, when the parties were both first-rate players, or were very equally matched. Instances of this kind have occurred in playing at cards, when the opposing parties were both honest. It also repeatedly occurs when it so happens that both parties are dexterous at cheating. A rather singular instance of this kind took place in London a short time since. A Frenchman had become proverbial among those with whom he was in the habit of playing for the unerring certainty with which he gained from all who ventured to play with him. At last as might be expected, seeing no chance of winning, every one refused to engage in the unequal trial of skill. An Englishman who had heard of the triumphs of Monsieur, expressed his readiness to enter the list with him. The parties played for three hours without intermission, and at the end of that time were, in respect to winning and losing, much about the same as when they commenced. They then stopped to have a little refreshment. "Sare," said the Frenchman, in a sort of whisper, to a party who accompanied the Englishman, "your friend is a very clever man at the cards; deuce clever, sare." He is a very clever fellow, observed the Englishman. "I shall try him again," said Monsieur. As he made the observation, he proceeded to the room in which they had been playing, and which was fixed as the scene of their future contest. He had scarcely quitted the place when the other made his appearance, and observed that the Frenchman was the most skilful player he had ever met with. The parties again met, and the cards were again produced. The game was renewed at eleven o'clock, and continued without intermission till the next morning. At the end of that time, to the surprise of each other, they found that they had left off just as they had begun. They were respectively the more astonished at this, as neither had before met with his equal.

"Sare," said the Frenchman, "you are de best player I met with."

"And you, Monsieur," returned the other, "are the only gentleman from whom I could gain nothing."

"Indeed, sare," said Monsieur, hesitatingly.

"It's the fact, I assure you."

"Sare, I'm quite surprised at your skill."

"I'm no less so at yours, Monsieur."

"You're de most skillfullest man at de cards in England."

"Not while you are in it, Monsieur," replied the Englishman, with a smile.

"Sare, I cheated, and yet could not gain from you," remarked the Frenchman, hurriedly and with great emphasis, feeling it impossible any longer to restrain his surprise at the circumstance of being unable to play a winning game with the Englishman.

"And, Monsieur, I did the same with you, and yet you are no loser," remarked the other, with a corresponding energy of tone.

The enigma was solved; both had been cheating the whole night, though each was unconscious of the dishonest practices of the other. And so equally matched were they in their dexterity at cheating, that each rose from the table with the same amount of money as that with which he sat down. The cheats cordially shook hands seemingly much gratified that they had at last ascertained how it was that neither could gain from the other.—*Grant's Sketches in London.*

The following is a copy, *verbatim et literatim*, of a letter written by a boy who is confined in our Bridewell on a charge of having been concerned with another in robbing a druggist, at Trowbridge, of some bottles of musk:—

"Richard Wilcox, wear in bristol purson tofryday than wear to be tolk out a gane—mother youge doun to dyars in the churhyourdaud telem that i ad two of th bott elsand tritobeget of formeyandiwil neverdoetnomor——andiwilcomom godounmothersquickasyucan andyuceiwilneverarken toen Richard Wilcox—Trobrige"

[For the information of our readers, we add the following translation:—Richard Wilcox, we are in the Bristol prison till Friday; then we are to be took out again. Mother, you go down to Dyer's in the churchyard, and tell him that I had two of the bottles, and try to beg it off for me, and I will never do it no more, and I will come home. Go down mother, as quick as you can, and you see I will never hearken to him.] *English paper.*

RECIPE FOR AN EVENING PARTY.—Take all the ladies and gentleman you can get, and put them into a room with a slow fire, stew them well. Have ready twelve packs of cards, a piano-forte, a handful of prints or drawings, and put them in from time to time. As the mixture thickens, sweeten with politesse, and season with wit, if you have any; if not flattery will do, and is very cheap. When all have stewed well for an hour, add some ices, jellies, cakes, lemonades, and wines—the more of these ingredients you put in the more substantial will your party be—fill the room quite full, and let the scum run off.—*N. O. Pic.*

HUMAN LIFE.—Our life is like alpine countries, where winter is found by the side of summer, and where it is but a step from a flower garden to a glacier!

From the Democratic Review.

THE UNFORGOTTEN.

Forget thee! I at school my heart,
Though hard the lesson be,
To know no more the hopes, the joys,
That mingled with the thought of thee.
Forget thee! years and no more
For thee shall smile from fame—
No more the page of my heart,
Shall throb with fever at thy name.

Forget thee; if I change that were'
Had stamped it image on my breast,
The sight of all that thou hast loved,
The haunts with thy foot hath pressed,
I would forget it if the voice
Of music did not sound so thine;
Or if thy heart all I see
And love was not revealed to mine.

If when among the worshippers
I sit and offer up my prayers,
My thoughts, in worship, were the same,
And offered some shrine with theirs,
I could forget thee,—but to thee
My inmost thoughts, my prayers, ascend,
With thee my dreams begin
In midnight dreams of thee to end.

Forget thee! if the thy wish
I may not—do not disobey,
Though every pining thought must send
Some dearest hoards of life away.
Then only may it will be done—
Then, only then—can I forget,
For while one smiling throb remains
Thou art itself—its being yet.

Then when the tears is shed,
By the fullness of sorrow spoken,
Remember this—I know thou wilt,
The heart, light girl, that thou hast broken.
Then would I not my throne exchange
For whatever all that crowns can give
One moment of thy thoughts to reign—
One moment in my heart to live.

Biographical Sketches.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It is good on every possible occasion, for us, Americans, to ponder on the character of this man. We have never seen a finer picture of Washington's greatness than the following.—It appeared in the London "Courier," then a leading British government paper, on the 24th of January, 1800. It was at that time cut from the paper and has been preserved in a family scrap book ever since. If it has been republished in our recent days we have not seen it; but we are persuaded our readers will own even if it has appeared since, it cannot be revived too frequently. We have no idea to whom its authorship is to be ascribed:—*Boston Courier.*

The melancholy account of the death of Gen. Washington was brought by a vessel from Baltimore, which arrived off Dover. Gen. Washington was, we believe, in his sixty-eighth year. The height of his person was about five feet eleven, his chest full, and his limbs, though rather slender, well shaped and muscular. His head was small; in which respect he resembled the make of a great number of his countrymen. His eye was of a light grey color, and in proportion to the length of his face, his nose was long. Mr. Stuart, the eminent portrait painter used to say that there were features in his face totally different from what he had observed in that of any other human being; the sockets of his eyes, for instance were larger than what he had ever met with before, and the upper part of his nose broader. All his features, he observed, were indicative of the strongest passions; yet like Socrates, his judgment and great self-command have always made him appear a man of different cast in the eyes of the world. He always spoke with great diffidence, and sometimes hesitated for a word; but always to find one particularly well adapted to his meaning. His language was manly and expressive. At levee, his discourse with strangers turned principally upon the subject of America; and if they had been through remarkable places, his conversation was free and peculiarly interesting, for he was intimately acquainted with every part of the country. He was much more open and free in his behaviour at levee than in private, in the company of ladies still more so than solely with men.

Few persons ever found themselves for the first time in the presence of Gen. Washington, without being impressed with a certain degree of veneration and awe; nor did these emotions subside on a closer acquaintance; on the contrary, his person and deportment were such as tended to augment them. The hard service he had seen, and the important and laborious offices he had filled, gave a kind of austerity to his countenance and reserve to his manners; yet he was the kindest husband, the most humane master, and the steadiest friend. The whole range of history does not present to our view a character upon which we can dwell with such entire and unmixed admiration.

The long life of Gen. Washington is unstained by a single blot. He was a man of rare endowments, and such fortunate temperament, that every action he performed was equally exempted from the charge of vice or weakness. Whatever he said, or did, or wrote, was stamped with a striking and peculiar propriety. His qualities were so happily blended, and so nicely harmonized, that the result was a great and perfect whole. The powers of his mind and the dispositions of his heart were admirably suited to each other. It was the union of the most perfect moderation. His views, though large and liberal, were never extravagant. His virtues, though comprehensive and beneficent, were discriminating, judicious and practical. Yet his character, though regular and uniform, possessed none of the littleness which sometimes belong to these descriptions of men. It formed a majestic pile, the effect of which was not impaired, but improved by order and symmetry. There was nothing in it to dazzle by wildness, and surprise by eccentricity. It was of a higher species of moral beauty. It contained every thing great or elevated, but it had no false and tinsel ornament. It was not the model cried up by fashion and circumstance; its excellence was adapted to the true and just moral taste, incapable of change from the varying accident of manners, of opinions and times.

Gen. Washington is not the idol of a day, but the hero of ages! Placed in circumstances of the most trying difficulty at the commencement of the American contest, he accepted that situation which was pre-eminent in danger and responsibility. His perseverance overcame every obstacle; his genius supplied every resource; his enlarged view could plan, devise, and improve every branch of civil and military operation. He had the superior courage which can act or forbear to act, as true policy dictates, careless of the reproaches of ignorance either in power or out of power. He knew how to conquer by waiting, in spite of obloquy, for the moment of victory; and he merited true praise by despising undeserved censure. In the most arduous moments of the contest, his prudent firmness proved the salvation of the cause which he supported. His conduct was, on all occasions, guided by the most pure disinterestedness.—Far superior to low and grovelling motives, he seemed ever to be influenced by that ambition which has justly been called the instinct of great souls. He acted ever as if his country's welfare, and that alone, was the moving spirit. His excellent mind needed not even the stimulus of ambition, or the prospect of fame. Glory was a secondary consideration. He performed great actions; he persevered in a course of laborious utility, with an equanimity that neither sought distinction, nor was flattered by it. His reward was in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and the success of his patriotic efforts.

As his elevation to the chief power was the unbiased choice of his countrymen, his exercise of it was agreeable to the purity of its origin.—As he had neither solicited nor usurped dominion, he had neither to contend with the opposition of rivals, nor the revenge of enemies. As his authority was undisputed, so it required no jealous precautions, no rigorous severity. His government was mild and gentle; it was beneficent and liberal; it was wise and just.—His prudent administration consolidated and enlarged the dominion of an infant republic. In voluntarily resigning the magistracy which he had filled with such distinguished honor, he enjoyed the unequalled satisfaction of leaving to the State he had contributed to establish, the fruits of his wisdom and the example of his virtues. It is some consolation amidst the violence of ambition and criminal thirst of power, of which so many instances occur around us, to find a character whom it is honorable to admire, and virtuous to imitate. A conqueror for the freedom of his country! a legislator for its security! a magistrate for its happiness! His glories were never sullied by those excesses into which the highest qualities are apt to degenerate.—With the greatest virtues, he was exempt from the corresponding vices. He was a man in whom the elements were so mixed, that "Nature might have stood up to all the world and owned him as her work." His fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no age. The character of General Washington, which his contemporaries regret and admire, will be transmitted to posterity, and the memory of his virtues, while patriotism and virtue are held sacred among men will remain undiminished.

THE STARS.—The constellations follow in each other's train like the different eras of man's life. The evening star is the herald of youth and joy, the moon is mature age, bright and quiet but cold, and followed by a brief darkness soon to be succeeded by the splendor of the rising sun of immortality.

The Ladies' Friend.

FEMALE MODESTY.

Perhaps few female graces have such captivating powers, as modesty. It is one of the most distinguished and attractive characteristics of the sex. It insensibly deprives the profligate of his wanton schemes, and exhalts his mind to reverence. Modesty has a double effect; it heightens the desire of the lover, and deters him from rudeness. Were woman to lose this amiable quality, all her charms would vanish and the order of love be extinguished. Their beauty would be contemptible, their address disgusting, and their conversation loathsome.—There is no part of the female character that men revere so much as modesty. A woman without modesty, instead of gaining the affections of men, becomes an object of abhorrence. There is no part of creation so insufferably disagreeable to men of delicate taste and real merit, as an immodest woman. On the contrary, modesty is the highest and most valuable jewel that adorns the female breast. It is the legitimate offspring of a noble mind. It is the criterion of innocence, the badge of purity, and the sure presage of future dignity and happiness. It is that which makes woman lovely, which heightens the charms of beauty, supplies the want of it, ameliorates the passions of men and commands their perpetual admiration.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

The following beautiful passage is from an oration recently delivered by Judge Reid, of Florida:

"On you, fair daughters of my country, will mainly depend the character and fortunes of the new State. Your smiles and your beauties are the roses that border and bloom 'along the patch of human life.' They cheer and comfort the soldier in the battle field—the sailor on the bounding billow—the sage in the deep recesses of the closet. When you approve, virtue becomes more bright, serene and beautiful; when you disapprove, vice assumes a darker and more hideous aspect. It is to your eyes the first looks of childhood are directed in search of affection; from your lips the first lisping of infancy are caught; boyhood repeats his first lesson at your knee, and manhood follows where you point the way. Exert, then, all your influence; scatter wide the blessings you have the power to bestow. Speak the words of instruction and encouragement, dictated by your own pure hearts, and the State of Florida—the new State—will be made free, prosperous and happy, by the graces and virtue of her daughters, and the wisdom and incorruptible integrity of her sons."

WOMAN.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

I would by no means persuade you or any other woman to prefer a single life. It is not the "primrose path." Nothing less than a spirit of meekness, or self-renunciation, and of benevolence, can make a woman who has once been first, happy in a subordinate and second best position. And this, under ordinary circumstances, is the highest place of a single woman. Depend upon it, my dear young friends, it is safer for the most of us to secure all the helps to our virtues that attend a favorable position; besides, married life is the destiny heaven has allotted to us, and therefore best fitted to awaken all our powers, to exercise all our virtues, and call forth all our sympathies.—I would persuade you that you may be the cause of happiness to others, and of course happy yourself—for when was the fountain dry when the stream continued to flow? If a single life according to the worst view of it, is a moral desert, the faithful in their passage through it, are refreshed with bread from heaven, and water from the rock.

RINGS.

We never enter a jeweller's shop without an indescribable emotion of feeling. To think how many parts, sad and sweet those rings now lying in calm repose, are destined to play ere long, in the world of passions. How many are yearly set to affection's Carthagel and their variety; for nothing is more varied except female beauty. First there is the wedding ring, or ring of loving, plain but pure, in companies of some twenty, protected from their more brilliant, but less chaste, associates, by a velvet rampart; each in its bright destiny, the fulfilment of faithful love. Then come, to attract and waylay the many,-hued witcheries. The diamond, flashing forth aristocracy, the king of gems; the paste, widely avoiding, by a too near propinquity, a comparison with the preceding, yet not unfrequently, when alone, mistaken for the monarch stone; the ruby, roseate synonyme of beauty's lip; the topaz, glowing like a poet's thoughts, rife with fire; the amethyst, a forget-me not convicted of inconstancy, and changed into stone, the turquoise, associated with the mild lustre of our mistress's eye if they are blue, but if not, with the sea and cloud, and finally, the jet, friendship's last offering! like Hamlet, tearful, weeping amid the brilliancy that surrounds it! Yes! ye are beautiful, ye gemmed rings! more so than flowers, for ye fade not, but bloom and shine forever; unless like woman's heart, ye are ill-used and broken.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE ALMOND.—The medicinal properties of the Bitter Almond are considerable, but it should be administered by professional persons only, being a powerful poison when taken in too large a dose. The kernels of the Sweet Almond are of considerable use in the arts; the oil obtained from them is used by draughtsmen in tracing drawings on common letter paper. It may be interesting to some of our fair readers to be informed, that Macassar oil is mere oil of Almonds, colored red with alkanet root; and the no less celebrated Russia oil is the same, rendered milky, by a small quantity of amonia or potash; and scented with oil of roses. Gowland's Lotion, Milk of Roses, Caledonian Cream, Kalydor, &c. are nothing but a solution of oxymuriate of mercury in almond emulsion, with a proportion of sugar of lead, or white oxide of bismouth. Perhaps the inventors of these popular and fasionable cosmetics are indebted to Pliny for the first idea, as he states, that a decoction of the roots of the bitter almond tree supples the skin, prevents wrinkles, and gives a fresh, cheerful color to the countenance. Another very important virtue is ascribed to the fruit of the bitter almond, namely, to prevent or relieve intoxication. Plutarch relates, that Drusus's physician, who was the greatest Bacchanalian of his age, took, at every cup, five bitter almonds, to allay the heat and the fumes of the wine, owing to which, he never became intoxicated.—*Mackintosh.*

The Moralist.

A FRAGMENT.

To enter this world without a welcome,—to leave it without an adieu—to suffer and be unequal to your sufferings—to stand a sad and silent monument amid the joys of others, which you cannot understand nor conceive of—to carry within your bosom, the buried seeds of happiness, which are never to grow, of intelligence which is never to burst forth, of usefulness which is never to germinate—to find even your presence afflictive, and know not whether you excite compassion or horror—a whole existence without one cheering sound—without one welcome accent—without one exhilarating thought—without one recollection of the past—without one hope of the future—Oh! what a cloud of wretchedness covers, surrounds and overwhelms such a deplorable victim of sorrow.

"Now, to throw over such a benighted being the sweet rays of intelligence—to open the intellect, and let it gush forth to streams of light and joy—to rouse the affections, that they may know and love God, the giver of all things, and merciful to all his chastisements—to enlighten the soul that it may see its origin and destiny—to cause the lip to smile, though they cannot speak; the eye to glisten with other emotions than those of sorrow; and the mind to understand, although it cannot hear—Oh! what a beautiful supplement to the benevolence of Heaven!"

From the Knickerbocker.

THE DEAD.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

The spirits of the loved and the departed,
Are with us, and they tell us of the sky!
A rest for the bereaved and broken-hearted,
A house not made with hands—a home on high!
Holy monitions—a mysterious breath—
A whisper from the marble halls of death.

They have gone from us, and the grave is strong!
Yet night's silent watches they are near,
That voices linger round us, as the song
Of the sweet sky-lark lingers on the ear,
When floating upward in the flush of even,
Its form is lost from earth, and swallowed up in heaven!

THE SABBATH.

Apart from all religious considerations, the proper observation of the Sabbath is a thing which should be strictly enforced in every well ordered community. The instruction of the seventh day as a time of rest and relaxation from labor is a matter of the utmost importance to the health and well being of the community and every thing calculated to interfere with its peace and quietness should be studiously avoided. If we remember aright, an attempt was made during the French revolution to establish every tenth or eleventh day as a period of abandonment of labor, the consequence of which was that the working people were so exhausted as to be made sick. With what heartfelt satisfaction does the individual whose physical and intellectual energies have been kept upon the stretch for six successive days, hail the arrival of the time when he may lay aside his occupations and restore his faculties by relaxation and freedom from care. Placing the instructions of religion, inestimable as they are, entirely out of the question, how sincerely do we welcome the sweet day of rest when the brow of care may become smoothed, and the mind expand itself in all the luxuriousness of positive liberty. He who would in any way mar the enjoyment of such an epoch is at war with the comfort of society, and should be regarded as an intruder on the peace of the community of which he is a member.—*Balt. American.*

AN OVERBEARING TEMPER.

Nothing shows a greater abjectness of spirit than an overbearing temper appearing in a person's behaviour to inferiors. To insult or abuse those who dare not answer again, is as sure a mark of cowardice as it would be to attack with a drawn sword a woman or a child. And wherever you see a person given to insult his inferiors, you may assure yourself he will creep to his superiors; for the same baseness of mind will lead him to act the part of a bully to those who cannot resist, and of a coward to those who can. But though servants and other dependants may not have it in their power to retort in the same taste, the injurious usage they receive from their superiors, they are sure to be even with them by the contempt they themselves have for them, and the character they spread abroad of them through the world. Upon the whole, the proper behaviour to inferiors is, to treat them with generosity and humanity; but by no means with familiarity on one hand, or insolence on the other.

Farmers' Department.

LIME YOUR ORCHARDS.

The effect of lime on orchards and on grounds in which fruit trees are planted, is stated to be very beneficial; it improves their health and promotes their growth, and it is said to improve the quality of the fruit. The food or pasture of the trees is increased in quantity, and improved in quality by the application, and it is doubtless an important agent in destroying the grubs and worms which are so destructive to fruit trees by the wounds which they inflict, as well on the tender, absorbent fibres of the roots, as on the branches and trunk.

The good effect of lime on apple and peach trees is perceptible in a short time, and it is believed equal benefit will be derived from its application, by all other kinds of fruit trees.

Let us try it without delay, for it is universally known that good fruit is never produced by an unhealthy tree.—*Cabinet.*

HOG PENS.

Every one that keeps hogs should see that they have a good, warm, dry, comfortable pen for cold weather; then if they are fed, they will thrive through the winter and consume less food than those kept in a cold place. If hogs are kept cold and wet, and filthy, as many are, they will eat a great deal during winter and perhaps be no larger in the spring than in the fall. There is often a great waste of time and food for the want of a little care. There should be a warm, dry, apartment, with a good bed of straw, leaves or the like, and the sty should be so constructed that this place can be kept in a comfortable state, and the manure removed as it accumulates, that it may not be carried into this part, nor into the trough, nor stick to the hogs and dry and freeze on them. Rotten wood or charcoal are good for hogs when they are confined, and they should now and then have a little pure earth.—*Yankee Farmer.*

REGIMEN FOR A WIND-BROKEN HORSE.

This disorder is caused by over-feeding, by violent exercise when the horse is too full, or by letting a horse go into water when he is hot and sweaty: or it frequently originates from an obstinate cold not well cured. The only remedy we have known to prove efficient—to feed a horse good healthy food, corn and not much hay—or feed him upon potatoes, and whenever water is given him it should be impregnated with salt petre and sal amoniac.

Lime water freely given has in many instances cured this disease. We know one instance where a wind broken horse had been kept in a field where there was not any water except in the bottom of an old lime kiln, and had recovered his wind. The horse got no other water to drink for five or six weeks, and he perfectly recovered in his wind and continued free from cough.

THE ROCKET BRIGADE.

You have seen the rocket practice at our camps. But I, at least, have seen nothing comparable to the skill, rapidity, and precision to which the service has been brought here. Our artillerists are quick and clever, and brave; this is only saying that they are French. But the Englishman's quietness of movement, dexterity, and attention to things which our impatience overlooks as trifles, give him the true qualities for an artillerist. The rocket which we have found so difficult to manage, and which even the diligence of the German has often found so dangerous, is here a weapon as much under command as the bayonet. In the discharges, whether single or in volleys, no failure, no recoil, no disaster of any kind took place; and those tremendous fireworks continued sweeping over the field with a steadiness and a strength which, against troops, must have been desolating. The very flight of the Congreve rocket is startling; it springs from the ground in a volume of flame, and then rushes along with a continued roar, with its large head blazing, and striking point blank, and with tremendous force, at the distance of a mile or more. In a siege it is already extremely formidable. It bursts through roofs; it fixes itself where ever it can bore its way; and inflames every thing that is combustible.—Stone walls only can repel it, and that not always. This weapon may be regarded as almost exclusively English in its use, as well as in origin. It will be like the English bow in the fifteenth century. In the next war that an extraordinary change will take place in all the established instruments of putting men out of the world! We shall be attacked at once from above, around, and below. We shall have the balloon showering fire upon us from miles above our heads; the steam gun leveling us, from walls and ramparts, before we can come within distance to dig a trench; the Congreves setting our tents, ammunition wagons, and ourselves in a blaze in our first sleep; and the steamboats running and doing mischief everywhere. But of all those mischief makers I should give the palm to the rocket. No infantry on earth could stand four or five minutes within 500 yards of a well-served rocket battery. Half a dozen volleys or half a dozen of these fiery arrows would break the strongest battalion into fragments, lay one half dead on the ground, and send the other blazing and torn over the field. The heaviest fire from guns is nothing to their effect. It wants the directness, the steadiness, the flame, and resulting from all those, the *terror.* If the British troops shall ever come into the field without an overwhelming force of rocketeers, they will throw away the first chance of victory that ever was lost by national negligence. Nothing can be more obvious than that this tremendous weapon has not even yet arrived at its full capacity for war on a great scale. We were next shown the effects of other small branches. Galloping back on both sides, to give way to the huge muzzles of a range of howitzers, we witnessed the precision with which the shells were thrown.—Still opening our files, we gave way, with all due deference, to another range. Then the siege artillery, twenty-four pounders and eighteens, roared away, and shook the mound into dust a thousand yards off. Then advancing again down the parallelogram, which was lined on three sides with the crowd, fourteen field pieces set off, playing, in rapid succession, against the targets, at the distance of a third of a mile. Then as a grand finale to this operation of the day, we had the rockets again. A troop of cavalry, more formidable than cavalry ever were before, a dozen of whom would have put to flight the whole army of Xerxes, or turned the fortunes of mankind at the battle of Granicus, for they were loaded with irresistible fire, bounded forward with their rockets fixed at their sides, rode to the front, and began their conflagration. At night this must have been sublime. With its fiery trains, and its eccentric sweep, nothing could have surpassed it but a flight of comets. Even in the broad day it was superb. Volleys, by tens and twenties, were thus launched out upon the sky, till a hundred rockets were consumed.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A PERSIAN SHAWL.

In many Oriental MSS. may be met with elaborately painted representations of celebrated processions but one of the most curious lately fell under the observation of the author. In the possessions of a Hugarian lady of high rank is a magnificent shawl, woven in the looms of Persia, and perfectly unique, the border of which exhibits in all its details one of these triumphal processions. Nothing is omitted; the trains of camels and Arab horses fully caparisoned, the elephants and palanquins, the troops and musicians, and the countless attendants swelling the ranks of some mighty chief—are all there. One compartment offers to the view a series of hunting scenes, in which figure the rhinoceros, the tiger and leopard—the gazelle of various sizes, the rabbit and "such small deer," with pursuing dogs, huntsmen and keepers, winding their horns, on horse and on foot. All this is woven in the most delicate colors, with a general accuracy of outline and correctness of design quite admirable, forming a combination of forms and hues which blend into a whole of surpassing beauty and harmony.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Absurdity.—To take offence at the address or carriage of any man, with whose mind and conduct we are unacquainted.

TOWNSEND SHARPLESS & SON,

NO. 30 SOUTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA,—ARE now receiving their Spring Importations, amongst which are an extensive variety of NEW STYLE PRINTS, many of which are medium and small figures; also, plain and figured Black Silks, and other Spring Vestings, many Drillings, Summer Cloths, Blue and Green Barages, and various kinds of summer stuffs, super Cut Crape, Crape L'ane and Gauzes, white merinos and other Shawls, suitable for Friends. French Bombazines and Challeys, Mousselines de Laines, dress and plain style Bonnet Silks, Bleached Goods, Blankets, Counterpanes, Sheetings, Table Linens, Furniture Chintzes and Muslins, &c., Woolen Domestics and Kerseys, Manchester Ginghams and Linen Checks, with a general assortment of other seasonable Dry Goods. [illegible]

ATTENTION BALD HEADS!

Of all the remedies ever devised for the restoration and preservation of the HAIR, nothing has been found equal to ALBERT'S OLEAGINOUS HAIR TONIC. It seldom fails to restore the Hair to health and beauty. Many who were bald three months ago, can now exhibit luxuriant heads of hair.

It is prepared from a Receipt of the celebrated Dr. Albert of Paris, by one of his pupils.

The following letter from Dr. S. S. Fitch is very kindly permitted to be used:—

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1838.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir,—I feel that I can hardly say enough to you in favour of *Albert's Oleaginous Hair Tonic* sold by you. I had the honour of a personal acquaintance with Baron Albert in Paris. He is known to all the world as one of the most eminent lecturers and practitioners in all diseases of the skin, &c. &c. that has ever been known, as all who have ever attended his consultations at the great Hospital Saint Louis, or who have heard his public lectures, or witnessed the success of his private practice will unhesitatingly acknowledge. His Hair Tonic I consider one of the best preparations for the hair with which we are acquainted, and fully justifies the assertions in the prospectus of the proprietor. I have experienced the most signal benefits from it. My hair had been falling off about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness, when I commenced using this remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now about three months, and have no fall and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed, I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using the Tonic, I had tried almost all the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bear's Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c. &c. without experiencing much, if any, benefit. Respectfully yours,

S. S. FITCH, No. 172 Chesnut Street.

Copy of a letter from C. C. Park, Pastor of the Baptist Church, at Haddonfield, N. J.

Haddonfield, N. J. Feb. 19th, 1838.

Dr. D. Jayne—Sir,—I take pleasure in informing you that the bottle of Albert's Hair Tonic, which I obtained of you last October has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair had for a long time been exceedingly thin. But for two or three years past it had so fallen out, that my head had become a most entirely bald. I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness by combing the hair on the sides over it. But now after using about half of a bottle of the "Tonic," I have as luxuriant growth of hair as I ever had.

C. C. PARK.

It may be had wholesale and retail of Dr. D. Jayne, General Agent, No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia. Price $1. feb 16—3m

DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

WE consider it a duty to call public attention to this admirable preparation for PULMONARY DISEASES—especially Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, Spitting Blood, Asthma, Bronchial Affections, Hooping Cough, &c. It is used and very highly approved by persons of the first respectability, but we feel confident in saying that a trial of its efficacy will be its best recommendation.

DR. JONATHAN GOING, President of the Granville College, Ohio, (late of New York,) in a letter to Dr. Jayne, dated New York, December, 1836, says—"He was laboring under a severe cold, cough and hoarseness, and that his difficulty of breathing was so great that he felt himself in imminent danger of immediate suffocation, but was perfectly cured by using the Expectorant."——Mrs. Dallas of Salem, N. J. was cured of Asthma of twenty years standing, by using two bottles of this medicine.——Mrs. Ward, also of Salem, was cured of the same complaint by one bottle.——A young lady, also of Salem, who was believed by her friends to be far gone with Consumption was perfectly restored by three bottles.——Dr. Hamilton, of St. James, South Carolina, was greatly affected by a cough, hoarseness and soreness of the lungs, and on using a bottle of this medicine found permanent relief.

Mr. Nicholas Harris, Sen. one of the Deacons of the First Baptist Church in this city, has been perfectly cured by it—after having suffered for sixty years with Cough, Asthma, and Spitting of Blood, which no remedy before could relieve.

The Rev. C. C. P. Crosby, late Editor of the American Baptist, writes as follows:

New York, June 15, 1838.

To Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir,—I have made use of your Expectorant, personally and in my family, for the last six years, with great benefit. Indeed I may consider my life prolonged by the use of this valuable medicine, under the blessing of God, for several years. I may say almost as much in the case of my wife, and also of the Rev. Mr. Tinson, of the Island of Jamaica. For all cases of cough, inflammation of the chest, lungs, and throat, it is the most unhesitatingly recommend this to the best medicine I have ever tried. My our wish is, that others afflicted as I have been, may experience the same relief, which I am persuaded that they will by using your Expectorant. C. C. P. CROSBY.

The following Certificate is from a practising PHYSICIAN and a much respected Clergyman of the Methodist society—Dated Modest Town, Va. Aug 27, 1838.

Dr. Jayne. Dear Sir—I have been using your Expectorant extensively in my practice for the last three months, and for all attacks of Colds, Coughs, Inflammation of the Lungs, Consumption, Asthma, Pains and Weakness of the Breast, it is decidedly the best medicine I have ever tried. Very respectfully yours,

R. W. WILLIAMS.

The Rev. JOSEPH RUSLING well known in this City as a pious and popular Clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in letters to the proprietor says that he has had repeated spells of spitting of blood, and violent hemorrhage from the chest, for more than sixteen years,—and had suffered dreadfully with Asthma, pain in his breast, difficulty of breathing, Dyspepsia, night sweats, and a hard dry Cough, by which his constitution was completely undermined and broken down. For five years he was unable to attend to his ministerial duties, and for the last five months immediately previous to his using Jayne's Expectorant, he had been entirely confined to his room, without the most distant prospect of ever leaving it but for the grave. His friends had long been looking for the termination of his severe and protracted sufferings in death. He was not able to get any sleep after one or two o'clock in the morning, on account of his cough, which harrassed him incessantly until near ten o'clock, when he usually became more easy, but still suffered by more or less cough throughout the day. The best medical advice the city could afford had at all times been at his command, and every expedient his numerous friends could devise for the mitigation of his sufferings had been tried in vain. The best medical prescriptions failed of even giving him temporary relief. A friend now urged him to try Jayne's Expectorant, and presented him with a bottle, from which he found so much benefit, that on continuing its use, he was soon enabled to resume his ministerial duties, and in a late communication to the proprietor he says—*Dr. D. Jayne:* In communicating with you in relation to the effects produced on my system by your Expectorant last summer, the following are the results of my observation:—1st. An easy expectoration.—2d. An alleviation of Asthmatical oppression—and 3d. Comfortable repose at night by a reduction of the Cough. If the above observations will be useful to any of your patients you are welcome to them. Respectfully yours, &c.

J. RUSLING.

Philadelphia, May 19 1838.

Dr. Jayne's Office is No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia, where all orders will be promptly attended to. jan 26—tf

GEORGE P. SCHIVELY,

DENTIST.

No. 28 North Eleventh Street, Near Arch, Philadelphia.

REFERENCES.

W. Gibson, M. D.	J. Randolph, M. D.
W. E. Horner, M. D.	Thos. D. Mutter, M. D.
Geo. McClellan, M. D.	Isaac Hays, M. D.
Sam'l Jackson, M. D.	P. B. Goddard, M. D.
J. K. Mitchell, M. D.	R. Harlan, M. D.

feb 9—6m

INFIRMARY FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN,

NO. 15 North Sixth Street, above Arch, Philadelphia—Physician,

G. H. Partridge, M. D.

REFERENCES.

J. C. Warren, M. D. Prof. of Anatomy, &c. Boston, Mass. W. Parker, M. D. Prof. of Anatomy, &c. Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHILADELPHIA.

H. Bond, M. D.	B. S. Janney, M. D.
J. Klapp, M. D.	H. Chase, M. D.
R. Coates, M. D.	S. S. Fitch, M. D.

Office Hours—From 8 to 10 o'clock in the morning—4 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon—7 to 8 o'clock in the evening. feb 16—3m*

NOTICE.

THE undersigned is agent for the following works:—Ladies Companion, New York City, New Yorker, do. do. Ladies Book, Philadelphia, Pa. Atkinson's Evening Post and Saturday News, do. do. Saturday Courier, do. do. American Museum, Baltimore, Md. Pearl and Galaxy, Boston, Mass.

Godey's Uniform Edition of the following publications: Walter Scott's Novels (with a portrait) only $10, Lady Blessington's do. do. $1; complete work of Miss L. E. Landon, $3; Miss Jane Austen's novels, $3; Bulwer's do. $3; Marryatt's do. $3; Pickwick Papers, (containing nearly 50 illustrations and portraits) $1.

A. MARSCHALK,

Locust street, between Commerce and Union.

He will also receive subscriptions for any Northern papers. NATCHEZ, January 17, 1839.

feb 16—3m

R. S. Gilbert—Engraver on Wood—

No. 31 North street, below Sixth,

Between Market and Arch, and Fifth and Sixth streets. feb 9 '36—tf

J. A. WOODSIDE, JR.

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 6 North street, between Fifth and Sixth and Market and Arch streets, Philadelphia. jan 11 '38—tf

TEACHER IN A SCHOOL OR FAMILY.

A LADY qualified to teach the branches of an English education, wishes a situation, as a teacher or assistant in a school. Or she would give lessons in a private family. Unexceptionable references will be given. Apply at No. 31 Cherry street, a few doors west of Fourth street. feb 16—3t

A NEW INVENTION,

GOEBEL & HOGAN,

HAIR DRESSERS AND WIG MAKERS.

NO 68 south 4th street, between Chesnut and Walnut, have invented a new METALLIC WIG, never before seen, either in this country or Europe to which they call the attention of those requiring this article.

They manufacture the usual kind of Wigs, and keep constantly on hand a large assortment of ornamental hair works.

Country merchants supplied at the lowest rates.

N. B.—A private room for gentlemen's hair cutting is attached to their establishment. feb 9—6*

JOB PRINTING

Of every description neatly executed at the Office of the

Saturday Evening Post & Casket.

THE WEEKLY LEDGER,

CONTAINING all the news and Miscellaneous reading of the six daily papers, is published every Saturday, by SWAIN, ABELL, & SIMMONS, North west corner of Second and Dock sts. Philadelphia.

In May, 1837, owing to numerous demands made by persons at a distance for the "Public Ledger," which could not be mailed without pecuniary disadvantage to the publishers and the subscribers, the publication of the WEEKLY LEDGER, containing all the reading matter which appeared in the daily during the six days of the week, was commenced and forwarded to subscribers for $2 per annum in advance.

In August last, the publishers found that the rapidly increasing circulation of the Weekly would justify them in a reduction of price, and it is now offered to subscribers, AT THE LOW RATE OF TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, the money always to be paid IN ADVANCE; in no case whatever, will a paper be sent in answer to an order unaccompanied with the payment.

Those who have paid $2 per annum for the paper, and whose time of subscription has not expired, can obtain it for another year by transmitting one dollar so that their subscriptions will amount to but $2 per year from its commencement.

The character of the Ledger is well known, being entirely independent of partisan politics. It is printed on a sheet of fine paper of double medium size, in minion and nonpareil type, and contains as much matter as the largest sheet printed in the United States.

Letters post paid from a distance, containing money in payment for subscriptions ordered, will meet with prompt attention. dec. 1—tf

WHAT IS LIFE, WITHOUT HEALTH ?

PHILADELPHIA, December, 1837.

TO DR. JAYNE.—Dear Sir,—The astonishing and almost miraculous effects your valuable Expectorant had on my neighbor, the Rev. Mr. Rusling, whose case you will recollect was given over by his physicians, and who himself had lost all hopes of ever being permitted to preach again, but who, from the use of your medicine, is so far restored as to be able not only to walk out, but also to preach, produce wonderful an impression on my mind, that after consulting with several friends, and learning that you were a *regular Practitioner of Medicine,* and that your remedy was not one of those quackish compounds with which the public are so frequently deluded—for you must know that I am a mortal enemy to quackery—I called upon you and purchased half a dozen bottles, and told you that if I lived to take them, you should have a good report from me.

I am alive and well this day! Thanks be to a merciful God, and your Expectorant; and now I come forward cheerfully to fulfil my promise.

For twenty long years had I been a constant sufferer from the effects of a hard, dry cough, pain in my breast, and difficulty of breathing; the last five of which chills and fevers every spring and fall, were added to my misery. I was worn away to a mere skeleton; with the greatest difficulty only could I get up and down stairs; my appetite was gone, and my strength had so far failed me, that my friends were persuaded I could not survive many weeks, unless I obtained relief. Indeed sir, my situation was so perfectly miserable to myself, and so distressing to my family, that I felt willing to die, whenever it should please the Master to take me home. But I heard of your medicine, and relief came. Yes! it proved the "Balm of Gilead" to my poor afflicted body. Before I had taken one bottle, I experienced a mitigation of all my symptoms, and to my great joy I found in the continued use of it, the happiest relief. In short, sir, *it has made a perfect cure of me*—and I can truly say, I have no desire to be better.

Now, I consider it is a duty I owe you, and through you, the public, to make my case known, believing that it will be the means of directing hundreds who are afflicted as I have been, to the use of a remedy, which, under the blessing of God, I consider to have *preserved my life.*

You are at liberty, sir, to make use of this letter to your advantage, and make my case as extensively known as you please. If there be any who doubt the truth of the above account, (for I have heard that many persons who have cures to sell, forge certificates, and publish them,) refer them to me. I shall be happy to see them, and I will not only confirm the above statements, but will give them particulars which it would be unnecessary to furnish for the public press. With every feeling of gratitude, I am, dear sir, your obliged friend,

MARY GILL.

jan 12—tf No. 365 Queen Street, below Fourth.

PHILADELPHIA SUSPENDER AND STOCK

MANUFACTORY.

No. 20 South Fourth street, below Market street.

A. L. VANHORN respectfully informs the Western and Southern Merchants, that he manufactures and has constantly on hand, an extensive assortment of SUSPENDERS and STOCKS, made in the most improved and fashionable styles.

SUSPENDERS.—Manufactured of Silk Cotton, Worsted and Gum Elastic of various qualities.

STOCKS.—Made in the most fashionable styles, on the best Bristle Frames, of Silk, Satin, Mohair, Bombasine, Velvet, &c. and warranted in point of workmanship, durability and shape, inferior to none made.

ALSO—SILK AND BRISTLE STOCKS.—A light and handsome article, adapted to summer wear; a large assortment of them on hand, comprising a great variety of patterns; they are far superior to any thing formerly used for that purpose.

Also—Manufactures and have constantly on hand, an assortment of Russia Leather cravat stiffeners, vest springs, shoulder braces, gum elastic boot straps and garters.

LINEN BOSOMS AND COLLARS, and ready made LINEN, in great variety.

A large assortment of POCKET BOOKS, LADIES' FASHIONABLE CORSETS, & INDIA RUBBER GOODS constantly on hand.

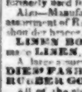
All of the above articles will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms, wholesale and retail.

☞ Country merchants in general, are respectfully invited to call, before they purchase elsewhere.

N. B.—Stock Frames and Buckles for sale by the gross or dozen. may 23 '38—tf

SILK AGENCY,

No. 300 Market Street.



THE subscriber has commenced an agency for the purchase and sale of the Silk Mulberry Trees, and all articles connected with the growing of the Silk.

CHINESE MULBERRY TREES.

50,000 for sale now, of the genuine Morus Multicaulis or Chinese Mulberry Trees.

CHARLES CADWALLADER.

Philadelphia, September 5th, 1838. sep 7

THE TRUE POMADE DIVINE,

EXTENSIVELY used in Europe, never before introduced into America. It cures and prevents all CHAPPING OF THE HANDS AND LIPS, from the piercing effects of Cold Weather. Well rubbing a little on the hands and lips, is a certain preventive and cure. It also cures FROSTED FEET and CORNS, SWELLINGS and BRUISES, occasioned by falls or otherwise, and will prevent the many bad consequences of such accidents. If a little be well rubbed in on a BRUISE or PINCH, it will prevent blackness. It also cures BURNS and SCALDS, if applied directly, alleviating pain and preventing blisters. It is good for a STIFF NECK, a SWELLING of the GLANDS, and will greatly relieve RHEUMATIC and GOUTY PAINS in any part. It immediately removes PIMPLES and other ERUPTIONS. It is exceedingly useful for SORE BREASTS, particularly lying in. Its efficacy in this very trying case, when all other applications have failed, has been well proved and can be attested by many. It is also a delicacy of fragrance, and that natural healthful appearance to the skin, as other preparation of the kind has been known to produce. So invaluable is this a compound for every convenience to which the Skin is liable, that those who have once proved its benefits will never willingly be without it. It will retain its virtues many years and in all climates, and is therefore very useful to those who go to sea, and to all travellers.

Prepared and sold by R. FENNER, 31 SOUTH SEVENTH street, three doors below Market street, Philadelphia, in glasses, with full directions for use, from 25 to 50 cents each. Observe, none are genuine without his signature on the label. nov 17—6m

EXTRAORDINARY CURE

OF A CASE OF PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.—

The following letter from an individual well known in this city as an honest and upright man, and of great veracity, will show that DR. HIGBEE'S REMEDY, (though not offered as a panacea or a specific) is one of the most valuable of modern discoveries.

PHILADELPHIA, April 7, 1838.

DR. HIGBEE—Dear Sir: With pleasure I embrace this opportunity of writing to inform you of the astonishing benefit I received from your valuable medicine. About one year past I received a kick from a horse but after some months I recovered, but while in that weak state I caught a severe cold, and I had a violent cough, and discharged very much from the lungs, and bleeding from the lungs, and very heavy night sweats, and loss of appetite, and reduced to a skeleton. I was told by my physician there was no hope for me, and that I was incurable. My physician told me that I was in the last stage of consumption, and discharged me as incurable. As I was walking out one day for the fresh air, I providentially called into Wm. Constable's Shoe Store, for one of my coughing spells came on, and fearing I should fall in the street, I went in to sit down to rest, for I could hardly walk, even with my cane. He recommended your medicine so strongly, and I having known him for so many years, and that he was a man in whose word I could place the utmost confidence, and as he offered to pay for the medicine if it did not relieve me, I purchased a bottle of your agent in Market Street, and before I had taken one bottle I found relief, my cough left me, my appetite returned, my night sweat left me. I continued until I had taken four bottles and now enjoy as good health as I ever did in my life, my occupation exposes me very much. Now sir, I recommend your medicine wherever I go, and tell every person not to delay or doubt, for if a man so far reduced as I was, and sixty-two years of age as I am, can find a cure, the young have no reason to despair. The reason I trouble you with this letter, is because I saw in a newspaper a letter to you from Wm. Constable, and he refers to me as one of the persons he recommended your valuable medicine to. If this letter can be of any service to encourage the weak to make a fair trial, you are at liberty to use my name, and if need requires, I am ready to affirm to the truth of this statement before any magistrate in this state. I have removed from Moyamensing to Manayunk. JOHN GREENLEEF.

The original letter from Mr. John Greenleef, may be seen at Dr. Higbee's residence.

DR. H. H. HIGBEE'S REMEDY

FOR Pulmonary Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthmas, Hooping Cough, Chronic Inflammation of the Bronchia, &c. may be obtained at Dr. Higbee's own office and residence, 37 NORTH FIFTH STREET, below Race, Philadelphia; at the Baltimore Office, No. 7 East Baltimore street; Stokes & Brown, 198 Market street, Philadelphia; Joseph Scott, Wilmington, Delaware; Bean & Schrack, Norristown; John Wind, Lancaster; Andrew Keefer, Harrisburg; Joseph Justice, Trenton, N. J.; Thomas R. Marindale, Byberry Cross Roads, Pa.

☞ Price of Medicine, $1 per single bottle, or $5 per half dozen. feb 9—3m

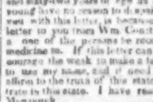
GOEBEL & HOGAN,

LADIES' HAIR DRESSERS,

No. 68 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

feb 9—4t*

BOOTS, SHOES, &C.

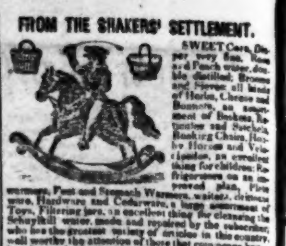


Ladies Morocco and Kid Shoes, with *India Rubber* soles. This is a light and pleasant article, and will effectually protect the feet from dampness arising from the pavement. Also Gentlemen's Boots with *India Rubber* soles. These protecting it, can have soles cemented to boots that have been worn. Also, India Rubber and Oiled Silk of his own manufacture, by the piece or yard. The India Rubber Silk is extensively used and highly recommended as bandages in cases of Rheumatism, affording relief in a few hours.

Also, India Rubber Shoes, lined and unlined at various prices, with a good assortment of other articles, usually kept in his line of business.

feb 16—3m* SAMUEL D. BREED, 13 North Seventh Street.

FROM THE SHAKERS' SETTLEMENT.



SWEET Corn, Dry very fine, Rose and Peach water, double distilled; Brooms and Sieves; all kinds of Herbs, Cheese and Bonnets, an assortment of Baskets, Spinning and Satchels, Rocking Chairs, Hobby Horses and Velocipedes, an excellent thing for children; Refrigerators on an improved plan, Plate warmers, Foot and Stomach Warmers, waiters, Delft ware, Hardware and Cedarware, a large assortment of Toys, Filtering jars, an excellent thing for cleansing the Schuylkill water, made and repaired by the subscriber, who has the greatest variety of articles in the country, well worthy the attention of those that commence housekeeping, and others—where they can be had on reasonable terms, at the Wooden Ware and Variety store of

GIDEON COX,

No 285 and 287 Market street.

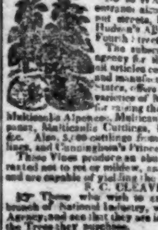
Ironing Tables and Bread Cutters, on an improved plan. oct 23—tf

REMOVAL.

AMERICAN SILK AGENCY, is removed from No. 8 Bank street to 86 Walnut street.

nov 24—tf S. C. C. VELAND, Agent.

AMERICAN SILK AGENCY.



No 86 WALNUT STREET, Row entrance also from Market and Chesnut streets, by Franklin Place and Hudson's Alley, and from Third and Fourth Streets by Harmony Court.

The subscriber having opened an agency for the purchase and sale of all articles connected with the culture and manufacture of silk in the United States, offers for sale all the different varieties of Mulberry Trees, suitable for raising the Silk Worm, viz: Morus Multicaulis Alpinensis, Multicaulis Seedlings, Moretta, Morus Multicaulis Cuttings, Improved Lilies Trees, &c. Also, 5,000 cuttings from Scott's Virginia Seedlings, and Cunningham's Prince Edward Grape Vine.

These Vines produce an abundant crop of fruit, warranted not to rot or mildew, and are fine for the table, and are capable of yielding the finest wines.

S. C. CLEAVELAND, Agent. Phila.

☞ Those who wish to enter into this profitable branch of National Industry, will do well to call at the Agency, and see that they are instructed in the value of the Trees they purchase.

N. B.—The particular attention of those engaged in the culture and manufacture of American Silk, which is of Trees, Eggs, Cocoons, reeled or manufactured, to be offered to this agency. The agent will give every attention to sales, and prompt remittance of proceeds of any articles sent to him. feb 16 '38—tf

UNIONVILLE ACADEMY,

THE Trustees of the Unionville Academy are desirous of engaging a competent person to take the charge of the Institution the ensuing spring. A person capable of giving instruction in the Greek and Roman Classics, and in the French and other languages, would be preferred.

The village in which this Academy is located is one of the largest in the county, in a high and healthy situation, nine miles south west of West Chester, and sixteen north west of Wilmington. The accommodations for Teachers and Pupils are ample. The Academy is two story high, and divided into four apartments, and will accommodate, without inconvenience, one hundred and twenty five scholars. A boarding house is connected with the Institution, which is divided into fifteen apartments. The buildings are all new and substantial.—This institution has been under the direction of the Cheyney Hannums, for the last eighteen months, during which time it has been in a prosperous and flourishing condition, furnishing abundant evidence that an extensive and profitable business may be done under good management. An early application from persons either with or without families, will be attended to.

THOMAS NEAL,
LEVI HAYES,
WILSON BUFFINGTON, } Trustees
PETER WICKERSHAM,
CHARLES BUFFINGTON,

Unionville, 1st mo. 5th, 1839. jan 19—tf

SLEEPER & BROTHERS,

[Sleeper & Brother have associated with them their brothers, ISRAEL SLEEPER & EDWIN SLEEPER.]

No. 116 Market Street, Philadelphia.

EXTENSIVE

MANUFACTURERS

OF SILK, GINGHAM AND COTTON

UMBRELLAS,

PLAIN AND FANCY PARASOLS.

Comprising every variety of style and embellishment, which they continue to manufacture as well and as low as any house in this market, not excepting the so styled "CHEAPEST," or any other.

Patent Folding Umbrellas, especially for travelling. jan 19—tf

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK

MANUFACTORY.

South West corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.

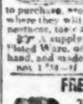
THE Subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article to be found in the silversmith business at manufactured prices, and the neatest and best manner, or to make any pattern given at the lowest possible manufacturing prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '38—tf R. & W. WILSON.

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.



THE subscribers have removed their old established Seed Store to No. 97 Chesnut Street, 3d street, North side, and are prepared to supply Vegetable, Garden Flower and Flower Seeds, of their own growth and of the choicest varieties. Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubbery, Green and Hot House Plants, (of which a constant bloom may be seen at the store,) Roses, Camellias, &c. Italian Spring Wheat, French Sugar Beet Seed, Chinese Mulberry Trees and Cuttings, Silk Worm Eggs, grown by ourselves and free from disease. Mulberry Seed and Trees, a fine assortment of Bulbous Roots, Flowers, Narcissus, Tulips and Double Hyacinths. Hyacinths, just received, for strength of bulb superior to any before offered, warranted true to name and color.

Drawings of the most varieties of Annual Flowers and Bulbous Roots, the size of life, may be seen at the store.

HIRST & DREER,

nov 17—tf Seedsmen & Florists.

TO OWNERS OF MULTICAULIS TREES.

THOSE who wish to propagate the MULTICAULIS MULBERRY next season, and have not ground for the purpose, may have their plants cultivated in the very best manner, (by an improved process on land of the first quality, within five miles of Philadelphia, at the very moderate rate of half a cent per foot of stalk, or for a small moiety of the product.

Apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, No. 21 Carter's Alley. [illegible]

JEWELLERY.

BAKER & SHRIVER,

Wholesale Manufacturers of Fine and Cheap Jewellery,

NO. 118 CHESNUT STREET,

Between Third and Fourth streets, entrance first door in Carpenter's Court, Philadelphia.

☞ Dealers are invited to call and examine for themselves. dec 22—3m*

MOSES STARR & SON, manufacturers of Boilers for Steamboats, Locomotives and Stationary Steam Engines, Tanks for Locomotive Tenders, Steps, &c. have constantly on hand a variety of the above articles at their Manufactory, Shackamaxon and Franklin street, Kensington, Philada. [illegible]

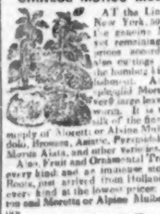
LEATHER STORE.

THE subscriber having this day taken his son, Wm. W. Hendry, into partnership, the business will be conducted hereafter under the firm of Chambers & Hendry, at the old stand 67 Chesnut street, where will be kept constantly on hand, a general assortment of *Finished Leather,* consisting of Calf, Morocco, Lining, binding, Sheep, Hog and Buck skins, Bag, Laid, Japan and Chaise Hides, Harness, Bridle, Skirting, Band, Upper, book binders and Sole Leather.

ANDREW R. CHAMBERS.

Philadelphia, January 1st, 1839. [illegible]

CHINESE MORUS MULTICAULIS, &C.



AT the Linnean Garden, Flushing, New York, 50,000 Splendid Trees of the genuine Morus Multicaulis yet remaining for sale, at reduced prices according to their size; also cuttings of the same. Of the humbug kind are sold at this establishment. Also, 20,000 trees of the splendid Morus Expansa, with very large leaves, greatly loved by the worm. It is very hardy, and the silk of the finest excellence. A supply of Moretti or Alpine Mulberry, the Canton Brousa, Asiatic, Perpendulous, Rose of Lombardy, Morus Alata, and other varieties.

Also, Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Plants and Seeds of every kind and an immense stock of Bulbous Flower Roots, just arrived from Holland. Silk Worm Eggs of every kind at the lowest prices; and White Italian Canton and Moretta or Alpine Mulberry Seeds in any quantity.

The Morus Multicaulis Trees raised here, have one third more joints than Southern Trees, and of course are worth fifty per cent. more for propagation; and the wood becomes as mature and perfect as the buds and ed position our nurseries occupy as at any place in the Union.

Also, Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Bulbous Flowers, Green House Plants, and seeds of all kinds for sale, large or small parcels.

Printed Catalogues will be sent to every applicant, and orders per mail will be executed with as much precision and dispatch as if the purchasers were present, and will be packed so as to be sent to the remotest regions with safety.

Apply to AARON CLEMENT, Agent, No. 31 Minor street, Philadelphia; or to the subscribers at Flushing, Long Island, New York. WILLIAM PRINCE & SONS.

dec 1—tf

Published every Saturday,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
No. 36 Carter's Alley,
Third door below Third street, near the Girard Bank.
TERMS.—$2 50 if paid during the year.
$2 00, if paid in advance.
$3 00, if not paid during the year.
$1 25, for six months.
Payable in Philadelphia without discount or charge. Papers discontinued only at the option of the Publisher, while arrearages are due.
☞ Unpaid letters not taken from the Post Office.